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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The problem in France is very much what it has been since May 16, only more urgent—What do the Marshal and his Ministers mean to do? All is uncertainty and conjecture, and this, to outward appearance, is as much the case in the Cabinet as in the country. From day to day the ministerial journals launch new *ballons d'essai*. The Bonapartist journals openly urge a *coup d'état*. The moderate journals speak of conciliation, and try to enlist the sympathy of the electors for the fate of the compromised prefects who will be dismissed by the Republicans should they regain power. The Marshal remains silent. There was some talk of a new manifesto to enlighten the electors on the subject of the councils-general. The oracle has not yet spoken, but there is plenty of time before November 4. Perhaps, however, the Marshal is otherwise occupied, and really means to go *jusqu'au bout*, and have recourse to more direct means of influencing the electors.

The unusual activity in the camps in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris has given rise to grave uneasiness. The most minute orders have been issued to the chief officers for a probable mobilisation, and it is only the army of Paris and Versailles that has been put to this trouble. Some time ago, the magazines were completely stocked; now the sergeant-majors and the adjutants are receiving the most detailed instructions, and are being supplied with all the articles of military equipment which they require to have in double. The visits of the general officers to the camps succeed each other with suspicious frequency. The troops are confined to their huts or their barracks on the slightest pretexts. Besides, the mere composition of the forces stationed at Versailles, Satory, Villeneuve l'Etany, is not exactly fitted to reassure the Republicans. The soldiers are, for the most part, Bretons or Poitevins; among the officers, the Corsicans and the nobility are in the majority. It is true that the inferior officers affect in general almost radical sentiments, and that their influence over the soldiery is great; but the habit of passive obedience would, without doubt, paralyse the spirit of resistance. Further, Nov. 5 is the date for a great renovation of the army. On that day all the volunteers for one year take their departure; young men, for the most part educated, and liberal by education, who form groups in the regiments, are sub-officers and corporals, have a certain *esprit de corps*, and would understand the gravity of a *coup d'état*. They will be replaced, it is true, on the morning of the 6th, by a new batch of annual volunteers; but the new soldiers will reach the army from different provinces, will have no mutual acquaintance, will be merged in the regiments, and regarded with less than respect by comrades who have been five years under the flag. Their influence will be simply nothing. Such are the disquieting facts repeated by those intimately acquainted with the composition of the army. There may be some exaggeration in this. It is to be hoped that there is, but the Republicans will do well to keep their eyes open. We are assured that they watch keenly all that passes, and are on their guard; if Marshal MacMahon should imitate a former President of the Republic, he will not find his intended victims equally unprepared.

Last Sunday the Prussian Landtag was opened in the White Hall of the Imperial Palace by the Vice-president of the Ministry, Herr Camphausen, who read the speech from the throne, amidst deep silence, which, it is not too much to say, was the silence of discontent. His statement had a scriptural tinge about it, being nothing more than a paraphrase of the words that to him which hath shall be given, and from him which hath not shall be taken away. For though the budget of 1876 had shown a fair surplus, the expenses of the current year had already been in excess, and would probably be still further in excess, of the estimated receipts; and the State would therefore be obliged to ask for more. This was not calculated to raise the spirits of the honourable members, especially as the chief measures which it was hoped would be pushed forward were all more or less placed on the shelf. The reform of the municipal and parochial legislation has been abandoned, except where the Government has an interest in furthering it. The new educational laws, about the progress of which so much had been said before the Landtag assembled, have also disappeared. In fact, the legislative prospect for the ensuing Session is remarkably poor. Added to this, there is the absence of two of the chief Ministers on leave, so that it is not surprising that all the papers concur in the general dissatisfaction which has already found expression in a motion made by Virchow and Haenel, that the absence of Prince Bismarck and Count Eulenburg from their posts cannot but be injurious to the progress of business, and infringe upon the Constitutional responsibilities of Ministers to the Landtag. Of course the reply was that the two Ministers were amply represented, and their responsibility by no means impaired. That may be so, perhaps, until there is a conflict of opinion between Minister and vice-Minister. In such cases, it has been known that responsibility has been repudiated by both.

The recent outcry against Russia for contemplating what was alleged to be the first step towards repudiation, has turned out to be all cry and no wool, as far as the

Government is concerned. It was said that a Ukase had been issued, converting the share capital of five railways from a metallic to a paper basis. The fact is that the shares of the five railways in question—the Riajsk-Morshansk, Ural, Orenburg, Fastovo and Vistula lines—were not brought before the public, as was usually the case, by a concessionaire, but were offered direct by the Government, in small parcels, to be allotted proportionately to the demand, on payment of a deposit of 10 per cent. on the amount applied for. The contractors of these lines, however, managed to secure the majority of the shares through their numerous agents, but had to borrow largely, not only to pay the deposit, but to carry out the works. The interest they had to pay for the accommodation weighed very heavily upon them, till at last they saw their way to relieve themselves somewhat, and came to an arrangement with the Minister of Finance, part of which was that the metallic rouble should be converted, at a fixed rate, into the paper rouble. It is said that none of the shares of the last four railways are in the market. As a matter of fact, interesting the foreign public, those of the Riajsk-Morshansk line are quoted in the Berlin Exchange at 75·75; but as the conversion was legally sanctioned by duly advertised meetings of the shareholders, the matter is purely an internal one, and for their consideration only. Whether the contractors acquired their large number of shares for investment or for speculation, and who the holders are at present, is no doubt a very interesting question for those concerned. It is to be hoped that Russian contractors of that class are different from their colleagues on this side of the Channel. So far, the whole affair looks very much like a "corner," which would appear less strange to Western eyes if the Minister of Finance did not figure in it.

Strange to say, the victory of the Russians in Asia Minor has not yet been followed in the Russophobist journals by the old cry that India is in danger. They are probably ashamed so soon after their exultations over the military weakness and impending bankruptcy of Russia to renew this favourite strain. Let us hope that we have heard the last of it.

It is announced from Rome that Padre Curci, editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, has been expelled from the Society of Jesus on account of his heretical views with regard to the temporal power of the Popes. The heresy of the learned Father appears to consist in the opinion he has uttered that the Church can live and prosper without the aid of the temporal power, and further in a general disposition to go as far as possible in the way of a conciliation between Catholicism and modern ideas. His condemnation and expulsion will afford additional proof of the supremacy exercised by the extreme party at the Vatican. Every year the partisans of a conciliatory policy seem to be growing fewer, feebler, and more isolated. It was believed in Rome that, however distasteful a moderate Catholic might be to the party in power, Padre Curci's writings would nevertheless escape the censure of the Congregation of the Index. The rules of the Society of which the Father is a distinguished member, forbid the publication of any work without the sanction of the General of the Order, and a condemnation of the lieutenant would therefore be equivalent to a condemnation of the commander-in-chief. The heresy of the work in question can hardly be of a very flagrant character if it escaped the notice of the acute and subtle critics to whom it was submitted before publication. By expelling the author from their Society, they are now doing graceful penance for their own oversight. We hope that the freer air which Padre Curci will now breathe will inspirit him to go on teaching to those of his countrymen who need the lesson that, if a man thinks it his duty to be a good Catholic, he is not thereby bound to be a bad Italian.

If good advice made men perfect, the Italians ought by this time to be more blameless than the Ethiopians. Rebukes and exhortations have been dealt out to them in such profusion by the English Press, on the subject of their treatment of foreign travellers, that Signor Nicotera, the most modest of men, has been moved to emerge from his retirement, and address a Circular to his subordinates throughout the country, urging them to deal tenderly and warily with those itinerant strangers who may not happen to have with them documents attesting their respectability. It has been placed beyond a doubt that, on several occasions within the last year or two, the Italian police and magistracy have acted harshly and illegally—sometimes even brutally—to English travellers or residents in Italy. It is fully within the province of the English Press to take up cases of this kind, as it would be of the Continental Press if anything of the same sort happened to foreigners in England. We agree with our contemporaries in thinking that these abuses are very much to be deprecated, and trust, with Signor Nicotera, that they will never happen again. But there is a measure to be observed in all things. Surely there have been enough leaders and letters "From our own Correspondent" on the subject. What with the War, the French Elections, the Penge Case, and the Detective Case, there cannot be the excuse of the dead season for spinning out recriminations beyond the point they have already reached. At least we might wait till the next offence before giving any more lectures. "Carabinieri," like beadles, are fallible mortals, and Italians, as well as English magistrates, sometimes err from too little knowledge or too much zeal. It is not fair to charge the exceptional cases in which outrages have been committed of *malice prepense* upon the nation at large. It is especially indelicate and undignified to ground our remonstrances on the fact that we spend a good deal of money in Italy, and therefore are entitled to considerate treatment. It should be borne in mind, too, that there is a class of travelling Englishmen who put some strain upon the patience of the foreigner, and the fact that neither can speak the language of the other does not tend to a happy understanding. All this is no excuse for the illegal acts which undoubtedly have been committed, but it may temper our noble rage at them with a little of that charity in which it is sometimes wanting, and lead us to discriminate between acts which spring from malice or official insolence from those which are the result of misunderstanding.

Before the erection of the Wellington Monument on Constitution Hill, a model had been for some time exhibited on the spot. But if, as is said, it was the intention to try a variety of sites, the model was nevertheless allowed to stand there until the arrival of the statue itself. The mere fact that the dummy had once been seen there was apparently accepted as a reason why the original should be located there for ever, though perhaps some people may have consoled themselves with the reflection that it would have been impossible to make his Grace's cocked hat endurable anywhere. But it is to be hoped that the motto "*J'y suis, et j'y reste*," thus rendered famous in the case of two illustrious warriors, may not be applied to the obelisk. Mr. Knowles's suggestion, that the model at Westminster should be shown on the other sites that have been advocated, deserves attention. No doubt, after the catastrophe at sea, the bottom of the Bay of Biscay might have been as desirable a site as any; and, on abstract grounds, the original site at Alexandria might fairly be described as the very best of them all. It would be a delicate task to indicate at what point the collection of curiosities degenerates into a system of archæological plundering; and, under certain conditions, the British Museum authorities might even feel morally, as well as æsthetically bound to restore its hoarded "loot," even to its last Elgin marble. But we have now to deal with accomplished facts. The obelisk is almost upon us. Seventy-six years ago it was intended to bring it to England as a memorial of the victory then won. The offer was again made by Mehemet Ali in 1820, and repeated this year by the

Khedive; so that, after its extraordinary wanderings of 5,000 years from the Land of Goshen, and its hair-breadth escapes by sea and desert, it would seem almost criminal to leave any experiment untried for securing its erection on the spot best adapted for visual effect, and the most strongly suggested by historic associations.

Mr. Lowe took part in the Battle of the Sites in his speech at the Mansion House on Wednesday. It is the first opinion, he says, he has ever given upon a matter of taste in the course of his life, and on that ground alone it deserves attention. "They were about offering a suitable reception to Cleopatra's Needle. There was nothing remarkable as regarded the size of the obelisk, there was nothing conspicuous in its appearance; it was a very plain and simple thing something like 3,000 years old, the toy, the plaything of a tyrant, who, not caring so much for beauty or elegance, took this opportunity of showing his power. No doubt much of the value of the monument arose from the fact that it was cut out of a solid block of marble, being transported to the place where it was found at the cost he did not know of how many hundreds of lives. Such an obelisk he should not place in any position where it would be crowded out by the surrounding associations. It ought to be placed where it would command observation and attract attention. Such a place, he thought, might be found for it in the Green Park or in St. James's Park, or in some place where there were no large buildings to interfere with its outline. He preferred one of those positions for it far before any that had been suggested, as neither would interfere with its full, solemn relief." Mr. Lowe's canon of taste is simple, but so far excellent. The work of art should be placed where it can be well seen. This may be said to be the cardinal principle of the Grosvenor Gallery, so that Mr. Lowe has probably all his life been a great art critic without knowing it. But he rather spoils the application of the principle by admitting that the obelisk has no particular merit in itself, except that of being cut out of a single block of marble, a fact which would be as striking in Piccadilly Circus as in the Green Park. The chief æsthetic interest of the thing, if it has any, lies in its associations. Of course they should not be distracting; its surroundings, whatever surroundings may be chosen for it, should be such as to crowd in and not crowd out its own proper recollections.

On the subject of the Obstruction of last Session Mr. Lowe spoke with more authority. "The remedy adopted," he said, "was utterly inadequate, seeing that it was not a single breach of order that had to be dealt with, but a deliberate attempt to prevent the proceedings being carried on. His idea was that in such circumstances the House of Commons should have been asked whether it was a deliberate attempt to bring its proceedings into contempt. There could be no fairer tribunal than the House—firstly, because they were always lenient to their own members; and secondly, because they invariably dealt lightly with abuses. If, then, the House found the offending members guilty, the member or members should not have been silenced merely for that debate, as by tact the offending member might have ample opportunity of wasting time in getting called to order; nor should expulsion have been resolved upon, as that would have made martyrs of the members besides placing the House in a disagreeable position in case of the members or member being sent back to them. The whole difficulty, he suggested, would have been met by silencing the offending members for the remainder of the Session." This plan would probably have met the justice of the case, though it may be doubted whether the intention of the Obstructives was so manifest before the mischief had been done that the lenient and tolerant House would have agreed to suppress them in time. Why did not Mr. Lowe give this proposal, which was talked of at the time, the weight of his public support? The matter concerned the whole House as much as the Government. However, the suggestion may be kept in mind for future use.

Mr. Forster made a very useful speech on Wednesday at the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institute. Belief in the importance of education is not yet so thoroughly rooted in the country that it can afford to despise such homely encouragement as Mr. Forster gives it by his exposition of its practical advantages. He insisted also upon the necessity of teaching—it is superfluous to say that Mr. Forster did not urge this too impetuously—more than the three Rs. The three Rs, he admitted, must be thought of first, and schoolmasters must not be tempted to give an unfair share of their attention to the clever boys, but there should be more advanced teaching too—grammar, history, and the elements of science. Under this system, he is convinced, the three Rs also would be better taught, the school altogether being conducted with more spirit when the master's energies are not dulled by the unvaried drudgery of teaching to read, write, spell, and cipher. Mr. Forster adduced a new and unexpected witness to the value of scientific teaching when he quoted Mr. Matthew Arnold in its favour. In a recent report to the Education Department Mr. Arnold says:—"I should like to see a knowledge of the facts and laws of nature added as a class subject to grammar, geography, and English history, and I would require the teaching of all four as the class subjects in every elementary school to all scholars above the third standard, girls as well as boys. For the second and third standard I would have grammar as at present, for addition to grammar the elements of nature." As Mr. Forster said, Mr. Matthew Arnold's natural inclination would be rather in the direction of literature than science. We greatly doubt, as we said recently, whether history can be made a profitable school subject. It cannot be brought within the comprehension of children, within which limits Mr. Forster is careful to confine it, without a disproportionate and wasteful expenditure of teaching power. Why has Mr. Forster never considered the practicability of teaching the elements of social well-being? He has never alluded to this, so far as we can remember, in any of his educational speeches, and yet it is one of those subjects which he might be expected to take up with something like enthusiasm, if it were properly put before him. That this can be brought within the comprehension of children has been practically demonstrated by Mr. William Ellis.

The most curious point in the Artisans' Dwellings case, in which the accused parties have been found guilty, is the sort of moral justification which the criminals seem to have provided for themselves. It was a very simple fraud. Dr. Langley, the chairman of the company, and Mr. Swindlehurst, the secretary, employed an agent to buy some ground from its owners at a certain price as for the company, obtained from the Board of Directors their assent to its being purchased at a higher figure, and divided the difference. The facts were clearly proved, and they had no defence at law, but they set up as an exculpatory plea that the ground was worth the price which the company was induced to pay for it. And no doubt this was a certain consolation to their consciences when they committed the fraud, as well as a screen against detection.

The precise cause of the frightful colliery explosion at Blantyre has not been ascertained, and probably will not be brought to light by the Commission of Inquiry which the Home Secretary has at once promised. That is to say, everyone knows how it must have happened—that an accumulation of fire-damp has been exploded by the firing of a shot or contact with a naked light, but it cannot be discovered whether the accident was due to the carelessness of an individual workman or to the culpable negligence of the owners or of the Government inspectors. We must wait for further facts before it can be known whether this horrible disaster, by which more than 200 lives have been lost, calls for the imposition of some pecuniary responsibility on the owners of collieries. The conditions under which fire-damp accumulates are so well known that it ought to be possible, with the exercise of due care, to tell where there

is danger, and to take the necessary precautions, and there seems no way of securing the exercise of due care except to make the management liable in damages to the survivors when lives are lost.

THE BATTLES IN ASIA MINOR.

The operations in Asia Minor since October 1 are interesting not only in measure to the results obtained, but as affording a clue to the comparative failure of the Russian commanders to exploit the unexpected successes which first attended their advance. We say advisedly "comparative failure;" for that failure was the result of an extension of the original plan of campaign beyond the means requisite successfully to execute the movements which these successes led the Russian commanders to consider possible. On finding success attending all their movements at first, Ardahan, Bayaset, and Diadin falling almost at the first touch, they became, like Amasis, alarmed and bewildered by their good fortune. Accustomed to operating independently in small—or comparatively small—columns with success in the Caucasus and elsewhere, the facility with which each column advanced did not at first appear extraordinary to the leaders. They regarded it more or less as a matter of course, and probably thought, if indeed they thought at all about the matter, that even supposing one of the columns to be worsted, then it would only be one column, only a unit of the whole. But when they come to sum up their liabilities, as it were, as the advancing columns—still only units, owing to the ground separating them—arrived nearer to the concentrated enemy, the sum total appeared alarming, and the result was a period of indecision, for which they ultimately paid dearly, by the loss of the best part of the season. We still adhere to our opinion, which we expressed at the time, that had the Russian columns boldly united when the Pasin Plain was practically open to them, Mukhtar Pasha would have been forced to fall back upon Baiburt or Erzingian. But instead of carrying out a general combined attack all along the line, instead of putting all their eggs into one basket, as the circumstances justified their doing, they preferred breaking them one by one at Zevin and Delibaba. After exploiting the advantages to be obtained by isolated columns operating towards one great end, they stopped short of that end, alarmed at the magnitude of the task before them, when they measured the total strength of the concentrated enemy against each separate column. In fact, in calculating the risks, they counted the enemy's forces three times over. No doubt the difficult nature of the country contributed a good deal to the hesitation of the Russian leaders; but no part of the seat of action was too difficult to prevent any turning movement, so that the difficulties in the way of the Turks were quite as great as those in the way of the Russians.

These considerations, which ought to have been weighed at the outset, have evidently forced themselves upon the minds of the Commanders-in-Chief, for the whole character of their operations has been changed since their retreat towards the Russian frontier. Instead of operating in separate columns, they have been operating *en masse* with one strong corps to protect their flank in the south, Alexandropol to fall back upon, and Ardahan to protect their flank on the north. By the first of October the forces under the immediate command of the Grand Duke had attained a strength of 60,000 men, and, as it appears, picked men to a large extent, who had been withdrawn from the columns serving in the Caucasus, from Alexandropol and Akhaltzik.

The manner in which these forces were disposed points to the intention having then (October 1) already been formed of enclosing the Turkish army, and cutting it off from Kars. The Turks, as we described at the time, occupied a line running across the two roads which lead from Alexandropol to Kars, the right wing holding the Aladja Dagh in the south, and the left wing being in a strong position in the north on the Yaghni Dagh, two steep hills, about 500 feet above the level of the plain. These hills, the Yaghni Dagh, contain no water; the supplies have to be brought from the west, where the ground was swept by the guns of Kars, and whence the assault was not feared by the Turks, from the habit the Russians have hitherto exhibited of attacking always in front. But this time they were in error. The centre of the Turkish position was grappled by General Heymann, their right kept in check by General Lazareff, and a brigade under General Schelkownikoff turning the south-east of the Aladja Dagh, whilst the left, the Yaghni Dagh position, was threatened by Loris-Melikoff himself, and a brigade of eight battalions from Ardahan, under General Kamaroff II., reinforced by four battalions under Count Grabbe. Besides these forces, about 3,000 Cossacks were scouring the plain around, about 200 pieces of artillery were placed in position, and early on the morning of October 2 the attack commenced. Fifty guns threw their projectiles into the works on the Little Yaghni, which replied energetically, but with slight damage, whilst General Heymann fiercely attacked the centre where Mukhtar Pasha's dense masses successfully withstood the Russian assault in front of the Aladja Dagh, until, to his dismay, Mukhtar Pasha found that the Great Yaghni Dagh, which lies between the Little Yaghni and the Aladja Dagh, had been captured, and the key of his position in the enemy's hands. His communications with Kars were in imminent danger of being cut off, and he himself with his whole army on the point of being surrounded. He, therefore, sent several battalions to occupy the Avilar Tepe in his rear to secure the road to Kars, expecting every moment to see the Russians pour down from their point of vantage and seize upon Vezinkoi. But apparently this movement did not lie within the scope of the Russian plans. From excessive rashness, as exemplified at Delibaba and Zevin, they erred now from excessive prudence, for they might have left the division, attacking the Little Yaghni to keep it fully employed, and prevent its engaging the troops which might have turned the whole position by way of the Great Yaghni. That this was quite possible is proved by the fact that General Loris Melikoff and his staff rode through the plain between the Great Yaghni and the Little Yaghni to inspect the position just captured. It is true that a masked battery, on the southern slope of the Little Yaghni, suddenly opened fire upon him and his officers, and placed a couple of shells right in the midst of the group, without, however, doing any damage. This battery might easily have been silenced by the establishment of one by the Russians on the northern slope of the Great Yaghni, where General Melikoff found the whole garrison either dead, wounded, or captured. This was all done by 9 A.M. By this time, General Schelkownikoff had executed his turning movement south-east of the Aladja Dagh, and suddenly appeared on the crest in the rear of Mukhtar Pasha's right wing. The unfortunate Turkish general, who had been assured that the Aladja was quite inaccessible on the south-east, actually tore his beard in his despair, but, sending all his reserves—some 12,000 men—forward against Schelkownikoff's brigade of seven battalions, bade them drive the Russians back *coûte qui coûte*. Six times the Turks advanced to the assault; six times they were mown down by the Russians, who occupied very strong positions; but at the seventh onslaught they were forced to retire, not because the Turks might not have been repulsed a seventh time, but because they had no more ammunition left. They lost 405 men in the affair; the Turks lost 4,000. The combat in front and on the right then languished, whilst Komaroff and Loris Melikoff were still attacking the Little Yaghni, and repulsing the attempts of the Kars garrison to relieve their comrades. By eventide the three Yaghni hills were in the possession of the Russians, and the Turks driven into the positions rising parallel with the high-roads we described last week.

The practical result, and the most important knowledge gained, was that of the accessibility of the

southern slopes of the Aladja, and the absence of any strong bodies of troops south of Mukhtar Pasha's lines. General Schelkownikoff's movement on October 2 was the prelude to that of General Lazaroff, which, as we described last week, led to the capture of the right wing and the complete dispersal of Mukhtar Pasha's army, who has now collected his scattered forces and occupied his old entrenchments at Zevin and on the Soghanli Dagh. The situation, territorially, is now almost what it was in the beginning of June; Kars is being invested again, Tergukassow is forcing Ismail Pasha back along the well-known ground, and from Ardahan the Soghanli Dagh is again menaced. The whereabouts of the Russian centre is, however, still unknown. The question is whether the operations will now be concentrated on the reduction of Kars, or whether, by the light of five months' experience, the Russians will be able to see their way to employing the fresh forces at their disposal in a grand concerted attack upon the remains of Mukhtar Pasha's forces. To judge from the way in which they have been following the retreating Turks, it would almost appear as though they were determined at the least to force Mukhtar into Erzeroum and blockade him there until Kars has fallen.

In Bulgaria the operations on the Lom and in the Dobrudja are still preparatory and expectant, the course of action to be taken ultimately depending on the result of the operations before Plevna. Perhaps the most important fact to be noted in the Lom operations is the evidence that the war is really conducted at Constantinople. On no other hypothesis can the action of Suleiman Pasha at the Schibka Pass and on the Lom be explained. Either the extreme caution which he has displayed or the Lom is due to stringent instructions from the Porte, or his reckless attacks on the Schibka were also the result of similar orders. But that one and the same General should exhibit two such entirely different characteristics is highly improbable. On the whole, there does not seem to be much doubt that it is apparent to the Seraskeriate that the *forte* of the Turks lies in the defence of strong positions, and that they have not that machinery for important concerted movements in the open which is necessary to success. In pivoting upon Rasgrad, with Rustzuk to guard his front and Schumla to support either wing, Suleiman is in a position to meet his enemies from either side within the quadrilateral, and can feel tolerably secure as long as neither of the two keys of his position—Rustzuk and Silistria—fall into the hands of the Russians. On which of these two positions the energies of the Russian commanders will be concentrated cannot be foreseen until Osman Pasha and the works at Plevna are disposed of. Since last week, when, as we assumed, the fourth parallels against the smaller Grivitza redoubt and the redoubts at Bukovar were completed, an attempt was made by the Roumanians to obtain possession of the two strongholds, but were defeated in consequence of the approaches to the parallels not having been sufficiently numerous or capacious enough to admit of the troops advancing with the rapidity necessary to overcome the masses which the Turks poured into the menaced works. South-west of Plevna, and west of the Turkish position and advanced works in the old Roman camp, and which command the road from Plevna to Lovatz, General Todtleben is also constructing approaches, whilst the reinforcements received by General Gourko have effectually cut off Osman Pasha's base of supplies. Whether General Gourko's forces, combined with a movement of the right and left Russian wings, would be sufficient to prevent Osman Pasha's sallying forth with the whole of his army, and taking up fresh positions at Vratza or on the Isker, remains to be seen. But the simple fact that works have been constructed at these places points to the original intention of Osman Pasha to fall back upon them as soon as Plevna should become untenable, or he be forced to accept battle and have to retreat. That this moment is rapidly approaching, and that the Turks know it, is proved by the renewed attacks of Raouf Pasha in the Schibka Pass. But it is not at all likely that the Russians feel any anxiety in this direction. The positions they hold, the chain of posts from the crest of the pass to Drenova and Tirnova, the flanking forces at Selvi, Lovatz, Kelifer, and Zlataritza, are amply sufficient to relieve them from any fear in this quarter; so that, as a demonstration to assist Osman Pasha, Raouf Pasha's attack has no more chance of success than an attack with the object of securing the whole pass, and wresting it from the Russians would possess.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Do you hear, let them be well used. For they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." The Russians do not seem to have acted upon this advice in their treatment of special war correspondents. There have been several complaints since the beginning of the war, and this week the correspondent of the *Times* who was till recently with the Russian army in Asia Minor relates his grievances in detail. As soon as war was declared, it appears, he set out for Tiflis. He omits to say from where, but leaves it to be inferred that it was somewhere in Russia, because he charged his friends when he left them to get him letters of commendation from influential Russians, and send them after him. At Tiflis his troubles began. The Grand Duke did not directly refuse him permission to join the Russian army, but gave him a polite hint by refusing to see him, "even in the capacity of an English traveller." But the correspondent would not take a hint, and at last he was granted an interview with General Pavloff, the Chief of the Staff, and permitted to exercise his powers of persuasion upon him. At first he was delighted with hopes of success, for the General received him with every courtesy, as was due to the representative of so great a Power as the *Times*, and promised to telegraph to the Minister of War for the required permission. But eight days passed, and no answer came, till further importunity drew from Colonel Astafiew, a member of the staff who professed to know English, a letter which the correspondent spitefully prints *verbatim*. Colonel Astafiew told him that "in principal foreign correspondents are hardly admitted to our army," but added that "there may be exceptions made, when they can produce such references as a letter, for instance, of a russian minister," and that "in Your case it would be most desirable if You could manage Yourself a letter (or a plain telegramm, though I am not quite sure of it) from our Ambassador in London." The correspondent naturally failed to see the humour of this polite but transparent subterfuge, and importuned farther, till he extorted an acknowledgment that a recommendation from the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg would be sufficient.

This recommendation the correspondent at length obtained, after a vexatious delay of a month, baffling with admirable perseverance the efforts of the Grand Duke and his officers to cut off his communications, and "so mixing up in the matter every man of authority in Tiflis that it had become rather difficult for them all to unite in the same course of action." But the permission thus extorted proved to be of little use to him. The Russians set systematically to make it of as little use as possible to him. His friend General Astafiew introduced him with every show of courtesy to the members of the staff. But what followed made him resent this politeness as "one of the most painful insults which he had to undergo." "I would approach," he says, "a group of officers whose acquaintance I had made; instantly a dead silence would reign, and my few remarks would be answered shortly by a 'Yes' or a 'No.' I would enter the tent of a friend, and would find one of these men there. He would shake hands coldly, remain seated for half a minute, and then run away. I would make a casual friendship in the restaurant or elsewhere. We might be talking amicably, when one of my enemies, in passing, would whisper into the ear of my new-made friend, and

his manner to me would instantly change. Every day I felt more like a leper, shunned at every step. Everyone was told to look upon me as a spy, and as one on whom the Grand Duke looked with disfavour, and I was obliged to wear a great warning signal on my breast." Wherever he went, he found himself dogged by spies. They tried to bribe his servant into fabricating a pretext for his expulsion from the camp. And not content with putting every difficulty in the way of his getting information, they supervised his letters, and cut out whatever they did not like. He was furnished with a list of "things concerning which he must not write," which were originally as follows :—" 1. No news about number of troops, number of guns, &c. 2. No news about movement of troops. 3. No communication of incidents founded on tidings." When he complained that "while all these rules were very stringent, the third was absolutely absurd," Colonel Astafiew kindly agreed to substitute for the third the stipulation, "Every communication subject to erasures." Further, the correspondent was warned that he must on no account criticise the tactics of the Russian officers.

All this was no doubt very disagreeable to the correspondent of the *Times*, all the more that he had set out on his mission with the friendliest of feelings for the Russians, and was conscious of having no desire to write anything that would give an advantage to their enemies. It was but natural that, after sturdily enduring this for some weeks, he at last gave up the campaign in disgust, and came home. At the same time he is hardly warranted in assuming an injured tone. His experiences are the natural incidents of his profession as a correspondent. We could all wish, as simple lovers of news, that we could have the events of a campaign detailed to us by graphic writers as they occur. Their country is grateful to correspondents for gleaning, in spite of every obstacle thrown in their way, and often at the risk of their lives, as much as they do. But there is something to be said for the distrust entertained of correspondents by the officers of a belligerent, who cannot always know how very discreet these uninvited observers will be in their reports of the proceedings. Generals will persist in looking upon correspondents as their natural enemies. The correspondent of the *Times*, though in his anger he is disposed to protest "as an Englishman," shows incidentally in his letters that correspondents of other nationalities fared hardly better than himself. "The correspondent of *Le Temps* saw the battle at Zewin, and wrote a telegram, which was approved by General Loris Melikoff and his staff. It was sent to Mazra to be forwarded, but General Pavloff detained it because it contained the word *repoussé*, and he declined to admit that the attack had been repulsed." The correspondents of the Russian newspapers themselves were treated in a similar spirit. "In connexion with the same battle, a Russian correspondent was dismissed from the camp for playing upon the unlucky number thirteen. It is a fact that there were thirteen generals, and 13,000 men, and that it was fought on the 13th day of June (Russian style)," but the censor of the correspondence thought it was a fact that should not be communicated. "Other correspondents were also occasionally treated with insult. Colonel Tsberniefski, Chief of the Chancery, had the impertinence to tell the correspondent of the *Golos* (a well-educated gentlemanly man) that with the arrival of the civil element in the camp came also the first seditious proclamations."

All correspondents seem to agree that on both sides they have had fewer facilities given them, and have suffered greater annoyance in this war than in the war between France and Germany. There is a want of straightforwardness in the behaviour of the Russian generals which has made the ordinary hardships of the profession harder to bear. Instead of warning them frankly that they will be shot if found within fifty miles of a field of battle, as the Duke of Wellington would have done, a Russian officer meets them with polite hints that their presence is not desired, and puts vexatious difficulties in their way when their presence is obtruded. But it would appear that the Russian military authorities are tolerably impartial in harassing correspondents of all nationalities. In fairness we must own that if they have been more stringent with English correspondents than with others, the English Press has given them every provocation. An Englishman is naturally indignant at being treated as a spy, but if he will go where he is not wanted, and where his countrymen have done everything to make his nationality unpopular, he must bear the imputation as well as he can. It is easy to conceive how a correspondent, with the best desire to use his position honourably and discreetly, may yet be a dangerous companion at the front. The *Standard* has had to complain of the expulsion of one of its correspondents from the seat of war. Naturally, this is set down to spite at the politics of the paper, and it is contrasted with the facilities given to the chief correspondents of the *Daily News*. That may have had much to do with the different treatment of the representatives of the respective papers, but those who have followed the war correspondence closely might have seen another reason. Although very brilliantly written, the bulk of the *Daily News* correspondence has been so framed as to afford the minimum of information to the enemy. All have admired Mr. Archibald Forbes's splendid powers of description, but his letters have been searched in vain for indications of what would happen next. We do not suppose that the correspondent of the *Standard* was less sensible of the obligations of his position, but it is undeniable that much more useful information was to be got from his letters by the generals on the opposite side. It requires much more than a proper sense of honour to make a correspondent innocuous from the general's point of view. We may regret, but we cannot wonder, that General Todleben has ordered all the faithful servants of the outside public away from the neighbourhood of Plevna.

THE DUTIES OF NEUTRALS.

It was inevitable that, sooner or later, some question should arise as to our strict observance of the so-called Laws of Neutrality in the present struggle, and it is so far satisfactory to the Government that any complaints that have been made have come from extreme partisans at home, and not from either of the belligerent Powers. The first complaint was made by Mr. Freeman, in the *Contemporary Review*, who contended that the Government ought to demand the surrender of the Pashas Hobart and Baker, and have them tried by the British Consular Court at Constantinople for a breach of the Foreign Enlistment Act. There is no doubt that these officers have rendered themselves liable to the penalties of that Act, for it distinctly forbids any British subject, "within or without Her Majesty's dominions, to accept, or agree to accept, any commission or engagement in the military or naval service of any foreign State at war with any foreign State at peace with Her Majesty." And Mr. Freeman is probably right in maintaining that the Government need not wait for the offenders to return home, but may, under our privileges of jurisdiction in the Ottoman dominions, at once indict before the Consular Court all English subjects now in the military or naval service of the Porte. At the same time, most people will agree that the Government are not to be blamed for declining to enforce the Act with such a degree of urgency. We may perhaps be preparing annoyance for ourselves in the future by not rigidly insisting upon its observance, but, as it has not been insisted upon hitherto, it would be awkward to begin now. The Foreign Enlistment Act was passed in 1870, and it has been violated with impunity in every war that has been waged since in Europe. There are many more instances than the few adduced by a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with an incomprehensibly pedantic affectation of seeing great fun in each separate case. In the Franco-German War there were, on both sides, English subjects serving as volunteers, who are now, or have been since, in

England without being unpleasantly noticed by the authorities. The same thing happened more notoriously in the Carlist War; and last year there were several Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scotchmen fighting on the Servian side. Until the national character changes, there will always be restless spirits amongst us, who like fighting for fighting's sake, and whom no threat of penalties will keep from offering their swords to one side or the other. These adventurous soldiers and sailors go in search of their favourite excitement without pausing to inquire whether there is any law against it. They do not take political considerations into account; the difficulties in which they may involve their Government are not present to their minds. It strikes them as an inherent right in every private individual to offer his services where he pleases, and they never think of reading the Foreign Enlistment Act to discover their duties as citizens. One of the cases mentioned in the *Pall Mall Gazette* was an instance of this. A young lieutenant, last year, suddenly conceived the idea of going out to Servia "to gain," as he said, "some experience of real warfare." He knew so little of Servian politics that he went out with an introduction to the Pretender Kara Georgevitch in his pocket, and when he had been providentially delivered from the natural consequences of his being the bearer of such a document, accepted a commission from Prince Milan, and rode about with the staffs of various commanders, making himself useful on one occasion by galloping with a pressing message for ammunition. So innocent was he of any notion that he had infringed the Foreign Enlistment Act by so doing, that when he came back he published an account—a very cleverly written account—of his adventures. Of course ignorance cannot be pleaded as a valid excuse for a breach of the law, but in the case of such a law as this, where the only harm done by breaking it is the trouble it may occasion with Foreign States, the Government have always exercised the discretion of taking no notice of such offences, except in cases where their forbearance might be misinterpreted into a deliberate approval of the offence, and might furnish a pretext for an international quarrel.

The playful correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* tries to make out that the Government have shown a partiality for "the Christian cause," and an unfair bias against the Turk, because they have overlooked the young lieutenant's breach of the law, while they have cashiered Captain Hobart, and stopped the Turkish ironclad at Blackwall. Of course this is only his fun, his "chaff" of Mr. Freeman, but it is a questionable sort of fun at a time when there are so many people ready to take his arguments in earnest, and pass over the conclusion of his letter in which he shows that he has "only been joking." The detention of the ironclad at Blackwall is interesting as showing that the present Ministry, in spite of their tirades against the conduct of the *Alabama* negotiations by their predecessors, mean to act upon the principle to which they assented, and by the retrospective application of which award was given against us by the arbitrators. One would have supposed from their language while they were out of office that Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet recognised no duty on the part of neutrals except that of preventing the open enlistment of troops in our territory for the service of belligerents. But apparently they recognise the rule expressly affirmed for the first time in connexion with the *Alabama* case, and mean to exercise "due diligence" in preventing the equipment of armed cruisers in English ports to be used against a foreign State with which we are at peace. When the expediency of this rule was debated in Parliament after the settlement of the *Alabama* difficulty, there were some who held that it went too far, that the proper course was not to detain a new man-of-war on the suspicion that it was intended for a belligerent, but to prevent it, in accordance with a well-recognised international practice, from obtaining supplies from any of our ports, and detain it if it put into port for that purpose. We do not think that this argument bears minute examination; but at any rate the present Government have acted wisely in observing the rule affirmed in the Treaty of Washington, communicated by the Government of the day to other European Powers, and imposed upon all British subjects by the Foreign Enlistment Act. If they had acted otherwise, they would have maintained their consistency as individuals, but they would have laid themselves open as a Government to the charge of not only disregarding the rules of neutrality, but wilfully neglecting the administration of our own laws, unless they had repudiated the Treaty of Washington, and repealed the Foreign Enlistment Act, as soon as they entered upon office.

FRANCESCO CRISPI.

The Berlin comic paper *Ulk* has a cartoon this week representing Italy in the guise of a Neapolitan maiden, on whose apron the name Crispine is written, flying from the proffered embraces of a French Abbé into the arms of Prince Bismarck. At the same time the *Pesther Lloyd* brings an intensely bitter article against Signor Crispi and the party he represents. The reason for this attitude we explained last week. It will now not be out of place to give some account of this man and his party against whom the Hungarians and the Ultramontanes in Austria and elsewhere are so prejudiced.

Crispi was one of the "Thousand of Marsala" with whom Garibaldi set forth to accomplish the unity of Italy. After the capture of Palermo, he was named Secretary of State by Garibaldi, who, when Naples fell, appointed Depretis Prodictator of Sicily, and Aurelio Saffi Prodictator of Naples, Crispi still remaining Secretary of State for the two divisions, and conducting the civil and diplomatic business of both, although at the battles of Marsala, Calatafimi, and Palermo he had exhibited such heroic courage that, as Garibaldi said, it was difficult to know whether he was the better soldier or diplomatist. During the sittings of the Piedmontese parliament, Crispi was one of the most energetic opponents to the cession of Nice; and in the first Italian parliament became leader of the extreme Left, always voting against any compromise with the Vatican, and following Garibaldi, in 1861, in demanding the immediate declaration of war against Austria. After the death of Rattazzi, he inclined more and more to the constitutional monarchy, when he had become convinced that the country was safe in the hands of Victor Emanuel; and though not forming a part of the Ministry, was, nevertheless, frequently consulted and supported by them in his candidature for the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies. During the whole of this agitated period, he so firmly established himself in the confidence of all parties that, when he received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Crown, there were no two opinions as to the appropriateness of the distinction.

But the most important element in this royal and monarchical recognition of Signor Crispi's merits lies in the fact that such recognition should have been accorded to a man whose character and principles have undergone no fundamental change since, sword in hand, he stormed the barricades against the soldiers of liberty under Garibaldi. He is now the same as he was then. He is no professional diplomatist brought up in the atmosphere of official *bureaux* and ministerial antechambers. He cut out his own way by the sword, and fortified his position by diplomatic tact and moral energy, holding one goal steadfastly in view, and never omitting an opportunity to advance the cause to which he has devoted himself. That cause is the unification of Italy from the Adria to the limits of the Italian tongue in the west, and from Taranto to the Alps, especially as, though the discovery of the Cape passage to the Indies dealt a death-blow to the great commercial emporiums of mediæval Italy, the opening of the Suez Canal has ushered in the dawn of a fresh period of commercial enterprise, which, at the least, seeks to make Italy the medium by which the demand and supply of Southern Central Europe and the East may be balanced as in former days. Liberty, progress, industry, and enterprise, are the motto of him-

self and his party, to the obtainment of which they are ready to employ the most stringent measures, even to the extent of militarily occupying the Vatican, in case the forthcoming papal election should be of a nature seriously to threaten the cause of progress in Italy and her relations with Germany. Crispi cannot, therefore, be otherwise than opposed to the Austro-Hungarians in more than one sense. He cannot but be opposed to the Austrians as the holders of the Trentino, and in so far as they are identified with the Ultramontane cause and under the leadership of Father Beckx. Nor, as the ally of Prince Bismarck, can he be otherwise than opposed to the Hungarian policy in so far as that policy is at variance with Prince Bismarck's plans, which, again, depend upon the degree of alliance between Russia and Germany. It is also natural that the Hungarians regard with discontent the transfer of the casting vote they exercised in the foreign policy of the Empire and in home matters, as in 1866, to the Italians. They are chafing under the curb Prince Bismarck has laid upon them through his alliance with Italy, and hence it may be quite relied on that Signor Crispi had no mission to Vienna and Pesth beyond that to which we alluded last week—to reassure the excited susceptibilities of the Austro-Hungarians, and, by paying a formal visit to Vienna and Pesth, to avoid any charge of an intentional or unintentional slight of the Empire of Nationalities. It must, however, be confessed that this object has scarcely been obtained; nor does Signor Crispi himself appear to have expected any success; for when it was proposed to give him a banquet under the presidency of Dr. Rechbauer, he politely declined the offer, alleging as a reason that he could not speak German. This relieved the official and "officious" world in Vienna of much anxiety, as there was no knowing what political significance might be attributed to the proposed banquet. The papers now *post factum* quite approve the omission of the banquet; for, as they say, though the journey of the Austrian Emperor to Venice sufficiently characterised the relations of Austria to Italy, Victor Emanuel has not yet seen fit to return the visit, and Signor Crispi, a declared enemy of Austria, cannot be accepted in the place of his royal master. And however much weight may be laid on the friendship of Italy, Austria is not at all prepared, in case events should force her to annex a portion of Turkish territory, to purchase the continuance of that friendship at the cost of the "Italian Tyrol" (Wälschtirol) or Trieste.

PROTECTION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The records of the Propagation of the Gospel of Free Trade in Foreign Parts may be briefly summed up in the words—No converts. The utmost that our commercial treaties have achieved is the displacement of prohibitive tariffs by others of a more or less "protective" character. Thus, the speeches at the last annual dinner of the Cobden Club were apologies for failure rather than congratulations over triumphs won; and that, thirty years after the complete and final victory of free trade in this country, and sixteen years after its chief apostle had predicted that the "moral contagion" of the example set by France and England would speedily permeate every commercial and industrial system throughout the world. Yet it is from this same France that our manufacturers, not altogether without reason, have been dreading the imposition, in the revised treaty, of terms even less favourable than those granted in 1860–61. Of the conduct of Spain, they find it difficult to speak even with patience. The protectionist heresy apparently finds readier and more numerous listeners in Italy and Austria than it did twenty years ago; whilst the nature of German opinion on the subject comes clearly out in the naïve, delicious, and immortal question put, not long ago, by Count Frankenberg, "If this valuable English iron is admitted with all the advantages which English shipping gives, what is to become of our worthless German iron?" Even in our own colonies the battle between Free Trade and Protection will probably continue to be fought obstinately for many a day to come. All this may well puzzle the British free trader, who boasts of quadrupled exports and imports as the reward of his own policy. Nevertheless, this very antagonism to principles so obvious suggests the inquiry, Whether the astonishing growth of English commerce within the last thirty years has been wholly owing to free trade—whether the circumstances of the countries which refuse to adopt the new system are analogous to those which prevailed here in 1845? Both questions are answered by Professor Fawcett, in an address which is just as valuable for its tone and spirit as for its presentation of facts new or but seldom realised, and its forcible restatement of others familiar to everybody. If there is no analogy of the kind alluded to, it follows that English free traders will have to convince the American and Colonial supporters of Protection with other arguments than those which answered our own purpose a generation back.

Mr. Fawcett goes to the root of the difference between the two sets of circumstances when he says that the abolition of Protection in England was an unqualified blessing. The fact is that comparatively few of the 1,142 different kinds of tariffs existing before 1845 were really protective, that is, imposed for the purpose of "fostering" industries, which would have died out, or suffered more or less seriously, without them. Had the case been otherwise, we may feel sure that the cause of free trade would have been doomed to undergo a like arduous struggle to that in which it is now involved in Victoria. The English commercial revolution of 1845 was, like the French political revolution of 1789, produced by hunger. The alternative was a corn-law repeal or starvation. Every class whatever, even that of the farmers themselves, was immediately and immensely benefited by the change. But neither in America, nor in Canada, nor in Australia, does there exist a corn question. On the contrary, the two former are ready to supply half the world, as well as their own populations, and Australia shows signs of entering into rivalry with them as a grain grower. Of course the Americans and Australians are paying a great deal more for their iron, linen, and other manufactured goods than they would find it necessary to expend if they were allowed to buy them in the cheapest—that is, in the foreign—markets. But, as Mr. Fawcett points out, these are naturally articles in whose case the evils of protection would and could be longer endured than in that of the prime necessity of food. And here he reverts to a dictum often uttered by impatient free traders, but which is only an instance of rash and shallow generalisation—namely, that the abolition of protection always benefits the protected trade or industry. May it not destroy it? Much more to the point is the lecturer's own dictum that the stronger the evidence of the wastefulness of protection, the stronger will be the opposition against the abolition of the system. The American economist, Mr. D. Wells, says that "the people of the United States have to pay in consequence of the protective duties on imported steel such a needlessly high price . . . that it would be a remunerative expenditure if these . . . duties were abolished, and if out of State funds the existing Bessemer steel works were purchased, and then closed, those in them receiving a pension by way of compensation." As the compensation would certainly not be forthcoming, it is clear that a sentence like the foregoing would read anything but pleasantly to the numerous classes interested, directly or indirectly, in American steel. It is just on account of those very artificially-propped-up industries that foreigners deserve the utmost amount of sympathy which a free trading nation can spare them. It is just because they are artificial, more or less, that the sudden adoption of free trade would cause widespread and prolonged misery. It would be the reproduction, on a large scale, of the effect produced in a particular trade by the substitution of machine for hand labour. No doubt the innovation would ultimately prove as beneficial in the former case as in the latter. But we need not blame them too severely for their reluctance to submit to a temporary

self-sacrifice—especially as they have not the same incentive to free trade which the English nation felt in the days of Sir Robert Peel. All this, however, only applies to the case of established industries; and it will be interesting to watch the colonial movement which has set in against the policy of what is called "fostering native industry." Indeed, it would seem from the history of recent proceedings in the Ottawa parliament, and the latest news from Victoria, that the prospect of a Colonial conversion to free trade principles may not be so remote as Mr. Fawcett, apparently, would be inclined to believe. Last spring, Sir John A. Macdonald's Protectionist amendment on the budget was defeated by 117 against 70. Again, it appears from the report of the Victorian Free Trade League, established in August of last year, that in the twenty-four single electorates lately contested there were 13,665 free trade votes, and 15,490 protectionist ones—a much more favourable result, it seems, than the committee of that useful and enterprising Association had ventured to expect. It at least shows that "the real balance of opinion in favour of protection is by no means so great as the returns to Parliament appear to indicate."

Perhaps the slowness of the world's progress towards the goal of free trade may appear less surprising if we reflect, with Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster, that even in England the adherents of the rival creed are more numerous than is commonly supposed. It is not many months since certain intelligent manufacturers were advocating a commercial policy of "retaliation." They did not see the use of "one-sided free trade," the very name of which implies an utter misconception even of fundamental principles. As well threaten to commit suicide by way of avenging oneself on one's neighbour. About the same time that the Club diners were making eloquent speeches on freedom, the silk weavers of Coventry, Derby, and Leicester were petitioning Lord Derby for a protective tariff, on the ground that their occupation had almost gone since the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty of 1860. It did not seem to occur to them that if the French had been able to beat them on their own ground the reason was that they were better and cheaper producers; that the very object of the system they were condemning was to enable the fittest to win in the industrial race; that to protect silk was simply to tax the nation for the sole benefit of a single class—in a word, to establish, for its special benefit, a new department of outdoor relief. And the same indulgence which the silk weavers demanded for their own commodity, the masons in London, Wolverhampton, and elsewhere, and the metal-workers of Sheffield are already appropriating for their labours. "Rattening," which is said to be now more common in the last-named city than at any time since 1866—while the perpetrators also "invariably escape detection"—is clearly a device, as brutal as it is stupid, for preventing the employer, and ultimately the public, from buying labour in the cheapest market. As clearly the ratteners, in so far as they succeed in their object, are in the position of out-door paupers. Not the least disappointing feature of the present strife among the masons is the readiness to describe their opponents' conduct in the most offensive language. The masters do not hire men in Italy or Germany; they "decoy" them, under the "false pretence" that labour is scarce, and that there are none on strike. The strikers' committee do not of course "decoy" the foreigners to stay away. But the masons' account of their employers' conduct is inconsistent with the fact that a number of German contractors are ready to come to England, bringing batches of labourers with them, and issuing a warning that, if interfered with, they will put themselves under the protection of their Consul.

HOME GOSSIP.

All virtuous persons condemn gossip. We all know that we ought not to pry into other people's affairs, and that, if the proper study of mankind be man, it is nevertheless not a study to be prosecuted by treating our visiting acquaintance as specimens for the moral microscope and displaying our powers of diagnosis at the expense of the confiding caller who has talked unwarily and gone; we know that, although we may not exactly live in a glass house, we do not want our neighbours to amuse themselves with throwing little pebbles at our windows, and our dislike to the possibility of the pastime with ourselves for its victims quickens our sense of its ignoble frivolity and its tendency to do mischief. We agree to class gossip as but little less degrading to its practisers than espionage, and we ridicule it as the theme of the ignorant. Perhaps we sometimes commit gossip ourselves; but when we do the lapse is accidental, our misfortune rather than our fault. It is difficult to distinguish absolutely where a readiness to hear and even to tell news about private events is a healthy sympathy with our neighbours and where it is mere intrusive tittle-tattle. We should not be human if we refused to take even a moment's passing interest in the lives of our neighbours, if we stopped our ears to tidings of Mr. This's promotion and Mr. That's bankruptcy, if we frowned down the relater of the happy engagement between Mr. Smith and Miss Brown, and severely diverted the conversation to the Eastern Question when it began to turn upon the surprises of Mrs. Jones's new pigeon's-throat drawing-room or the despair of Captain Robinson at his regiment's being ordered abroad. An amount of reticence which should withhold us, on the ground that they were no business of ours, from commenting or conjecturing on these matters would be impossible to any sane mortal—perhaps would not even be desirable. And it must happen at times that even orthodox haters of gossip drift unawares over the hazy boundary between neighbourly news and busybody rumours and researches, and become for the nonce as heathen men and gossip-mongers. But these are only passing eclipses of virtue, errors of inadvertence to which the best of us are liable, and their rather frequent occurrence does not disprove the agreement of all good people in the condemnation of gossip, and more especially of that form of it which may be described as analytic and dissectional, which explores motives and infers minute secrets. And no moral doctrine is more distinctly and frequently declared, in print and on the tongue, through proverbs and through preachings, through satire and through persuasion, by novelists, by dramatists, by essayists, by clergymen, by governesses, by everybody who talks about gossip, including the gossips themselves, than the unlawfulness of gossip and its damage to the minds of those who indulge in it.

Yet, strangely enough, a form of gossip more inquisitorial, more treacherous, and, to those who indulge in it, more injurious, than the talk-over-my-neighbour chatter which, if many love, none praise, flourishes among us almost unblamed. Many a pious and thoughtful family—perhaps all the more probably the more pious and thoughtful it is—constitutes in its sheltered home a permanent court of inquiry upon the member who happens last to have left the room. Why is he restless? Why is she pale? Is there anything amiss with the conscience? with the heart? Or is it not rather the temper? Each member of the court gives evidence, everybody sums up in turn and frequently. Perhaps the member who has had the misfortune to leave the room is known or suspected to be striving to conceal some pang of disappointed ambition or love, or cherishing some hope or affection not yet ripe for revelation: in such case there are little accidental self-betrayals, unwary speeches, unguarded expressions of countenance, or even confidential talks, to be told and discussed. Perhaps there is no concealment to tear away, but some distinct event, little or great, for good or for ill, makes the member of the court who is out of the room an advantageous topic. His or her conduct can be expounded, arraigned, discriminated upon—even approved; but the temptation of the home court of inquiry is not to approvals. Or perhaps the member who has left the room is in a normal state of nothing particular, and not debateable as being doing or suffering out of the family wont. Well, there is a subject, then, for domestic

pathology. The court goes into a detailed analysis of temperament, character, antecedents; the discussion is at once vague and minute; anecdotes from earliest childhood may be brought to point a moral, possibilities in the farthest future may be predicted from yesterday's trivial indiscretion. No matter how or why, the person who is out of hearing must be theme of the talk, and the talk must be investigatory and judicial. The microscope is in full play; diagnosis runs riot.

It has been said that the temptation of the court is not to approvals. There needs no malevolence or proneness to believe evil to account for this. The reason is simply that, the whole pleasure of the process lying in discussion and criticism, the tendency is inevitably to bring forward such points of the subject's character or conduct as are open to discussion and criticism—that is, as are more or less faulty. To instance only good deeds or indisputable virtues would be to call forth only the short and simple interjections of praise, and there would be an end of the conversation. It would be all affirmative, and affirmative conversation dies of its own completeness; to have any life and lasting worth speaking of, conversation must be negative, must be full of doubts and gainsayings, must be brisk with censure and profound with suspicion. And therefore even real affection cannot give a tone of tender faith to the conclaves of nearest and dearest who have learnt to make a need of family gossip, and well-grounded respect for proved good qualities cannot restrict ingenuity in discovering errors.

Each member of an inquisitorial family being exposed to the operations of the inquisition, one might at first sight suppose that the glass-house principle of conduct would have its influence and induce all to refrain from participating in a recreation of which each must in turn bear the cost. But in such matters habit is stronger than reason, and the reformer's martyrdom looks more alarming than the disciple's endurance of an oppression in which he is also an oppressor. And a main reason for the very frequent existence of this fatal enemy to family confidence, family gossip, is that it is looked on as rather a virtuous industry than otherwise. Nobody is ashamed of sharing in it. There is a self-approving sense of taking an enlightened interest in the welfare of the person vivisected, of doing it for his good, of looking on his faults from a moral and affectionate point of view, of backbiting him with pure and amiable motives. There may be small appreciation of similar benevolence conferred on the individual self, rather there may be engendered a suspicious sense of wrong and an extreme dislike to leaving the room when there are several dear ones in it, but as the occasions for the benevolence of blame behind the back arise they are used with a clear conscience and a refreshing feeling of superiority.

An amusing instance of the common inability to perceive the unwholesomeness of family gossip, and of the tendency to consider it—when not exercised on ourselves, of course—actually a meritorious work of affection, is afforded by the novelist of gracious and High-Church homes, the inspirer alike of gentleness and gentility to youths and maidens, Miss Yonge. In the numerous families which she delights to pourtray, the amount of conscientious tittle-tattling about their brothers and sisters perpetrated by the chief paragons is something appalling. They review them as if they were books, they speculate upon them as if they were perplexing historical characters, they pick their characters patiently to pieces, they put them together again with logical nicety, they define them and class them and label them. And nobody in those very good books ever says to those very good young people "You naughty little prigs, don't you know that you are only gossiping?"

But, whatever they may be as examples, Miss Yonge's pictures of family wont in this matter are, as to truth, only deficient by being too lenient. There are few homes in which the court of inquiry does not sit, no homes where it sits in which it is not harmful. People look about for reasons to explain the want of warm affection and confidence in after life between near relations who esteem each other and have no quarrel; is not the severing effect of the home gossip of their earlier days together quite enough to account for the more evident separation of their later days apart?

KENSINGTON GARDENS, OLD AND NEW.

No. II.—New.

Swarms of well-dressed children, regiments of nurses, squadrons of perambulators, damsels with sly eyes and virgins clad in demureness, bashful young men and bold, grave and reverend seigniors, ancient ladies made beautiful for ever by art, rough and smooth, poor and rich, old and young—such is the kaleidoscopic pattern of New Kensington Gardens on a fine summer afternoon. Loud rings the laughter of a gay group playing croquet near the last of the Scotch firs. They have gone, one by one, those stately trees; they could not stand the smoke, it is said—an odd thing, seeing that they must have been pretty well accustomed to a London atmosphere for the last thirty or forty years. However, be the cause what it may, they have all died except four, after first divesting themselves of their bark, as if copying the example of humanity, by casting aside garments when on the eve of dissolution. Every gravelled walk is thronged with pedestrians, and yet these walks are very many. There is that by-path, for instance, which used to run from the northern end of the Long Water to the Palace—then a mere track, worn on the grass; now a broad road, neat, and trim, and straight. Another, and a greater, runs from where the slanting but graceful spire of the Lancaster Gate church pierces the sky, to where Prince Albert, golden and glorified, crouches as if about to spring into the huge brick-and-mortar beehive in his front. So, too, the banks of the Long Water now show broad stretches of gravel, and, go where you may, that material meets your view. The process by which this change in the aspect of the Gardens has been gradually effected is as follows. To begin with, a small stream of traffic sets in some particular direction, wearing a narrow track on the grass. As the current increases, the channel widens, until it becomes some four or five feet broad. When a public want makes itself felt in this way, the authorities take the matter in hand, and construct a regular gravel walk upon a solid substratum of builder's rubbish, some ten or twelve feet in width. Thereupon the public, with a natural preference for walking on grass, take to the verdant margins of the new walk, which are soon worn bare to a distance of six or eight feet from either side. An instance of this is seen in the diagonal path leading from "Red Lion Gate"—the entrance opposite Palace Houses—to the gate at the end of Rotten Row. Some few years ago, this was a mere track, not more than three feet broad; now it is a sort of road, more than twenty feet wide, including the trodden down margins, at many parts. During the last few months, a new walk has been taken in hand from the Rotten Row gate, through a fine avenue towards the Palace. Although it is not yet completed, the margins are already being trodden bare, and before another year elapses there will be a considerable additional loss of verdure to the Gardens. While admitting that new walks are imperatively necessary, whenever fresh streams of traffic develop themselves, we think the time has quite arrived to make some effort to save the grass margins. A low iron fence on either side of the gravelled path, with cross fences and openings at intervals, would effect this object with but little inconvenience to the public. If anyone wants to see the extent to which the evil has already gone, a stroll along the walk running parallel to the Uxbridge Road will, we imagine, afford convincing proof that some preventive is urgently needed. As for the bare ground under the splendid trees bordering the Broad Walk, we fear that it will never again wear a green livery. But something might surely be done to stop the sudden decay that has set in among the trees, both at this spot

and more or less throughout the Gardens. We are told that their premature deaths, too, are caused by the smoke of London. A very doubtful hypothesis again, seeing how they throve some twenty or thirty years ago, when the volume of the smoke was not sensibly less. Besides, in the grounds of the "Dukeries" on Campden Hill, no evidence is seen of similar decay, nor are the magnificent trees in Holland Park falling to pieces. The real origin of the evil lies, we believe, in the pernicious custom of sweeping away the fallen leaves every autumn. If these were allowed to remain until they rotted into the earth, as in former times, they would restore to the soil the constituents which were extracted for their creation. Such is the view, at all events, of many experts in forestry, and it unquestionably receives support from the fact that the trees did not begin to decay prematurely until the reign of neatness set in.

The picturesque but slightly incapable park keepers, with their brilliant waistcoats and dignified manners, are no longer to be seen. Policemen now preserve order, and, it must be acknowledged, much more effectively than their predecessors. At the same time it is only fair to admit, on behalf of the superseded, that the laws of the Gardens have been greatly relaxed. Soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, may walk about as they list, in their official costumes, and even dogs are allowed to run at large on condition that they do not either hunt the sooty sheep or chase the water fowl. A year or two back, the authorities made a last struggle against the admission of dogs, unless led in chains by their owners; but those indomitable legionaries, the nursery maids, laughed at the ukase, and Policeman X. laughed too, like the *preux chevalier* that he is. Unhappily, while the dogs have thus benefited by recent changes, the fishes have fallen away from their former high estate in the Long Water. Whether they objected to the presence of the "lower classes," or through some other cause, the carps and breams have vanished. Mr. Buckland made a heroic effort to save them, when the Serpentine was emptied some two years ago. His sublime courage, in driving through Rotten Row on a watering-cart full of fish during the height of the season, almost deserved the Victoria Cross. But the humane attempt seems to have failed, for no great fish are ever to be seen rising in the Long Water, nor does the patient angler exercise his art on the banks of that still odoriferous lake. Which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that many more dead cats are now found lying about in the adjacent districts than when this famous fishery flourished. They are no longer wanted for ground-bait. As some sort of equivalent for the loss of the fish, the authorities have developed floriculture of the old-fashioned sort. Very pleasant is the result, after the mayonnaise borders and raised-pie beds that have become the rage with London gardeners of late years. What could be more charming than the winding walk on the south side of the gardens, bordered on both sides with choice shrubs, among which crop up all manner of cottage flowers, planted indiscriminately wherever there happened to be room? It forms, out and away, the pleasantest public lounge in London, and we think the authorities would be well advised to lay out a similar one along the northern boundary, taking the present pathway as the line, and planting the unseemly southern margin with dainty shrubs and simple flowers. A gravelled path is now being run through the shrubbery abutting on the road as far as Lancaster Gate, and we are informed that its borders will be duly planted with flowers. But the other side of the main pathway stands much more in need of improvement, and we trust Mr. Gerard Noel, or whoever the superior authority may be, will take it in hand now that the northern portion of the Gardens is at last being cared for.

Perhaps the greatest change of all, in the entire Gardens, has been effected in front of the Palace. We mentioned, in our recent description of what the place was some thirty years ago, that nothing but a light iron hurdle-railing intervened between the front of the building and the Broad Walk, thus affording an uninterrupted view right up to the windows. After a time, a hedge was planted just inside this fence, and when the privet had grown and thickened, the railing was carried forward. Before long, the process was repeated, so that we now find the exterior boundary close to the Broad Walk, the space between it and the Palace being filled with lines of tall hedges, while trees have been planted close to the building. A more ingenious way of gradually converting public ground into private was never discovered even by the most aggressive encroacher on commons. We are far from saying, however, that the annexation was not in some degree justifiable. When the Gardens were a solitude, the august occupants of the Palace experienced no inconvenience from public curiosity. They might smoke or fiddle, quarrel or make love, without any chance of finding the circumstance chronicled at length, with racy embellishments, in the *Backstairs Gazette*. But when the Gardens were thrown open to Mr. Plush, in all his glorious effulgence, it became necessary to counteract his prying proclivities. The head gardener of those days must, we imagine, have possessed a prophetic soul. He did not wait until the admisssion of flunkeydom in all its pomp and majesty had produced its sure effect. No sooner were the old regulations repealed, than the inner hedge was planted, and then another and another, until by the time that unpleasant portent, the "society" journal, came into existence, Kensington Palace was fortified against *espionage*. And a very good thing, too, although the end may have been attained by somewhat questionable means.

The Round Pond, like the Long Water, has exchanged its grassy edges for a gravel bank, a necessary alteration, as the surface of the ground was being trodden into a Serbonian bog, owing to the increased popularity of the water with juvenile yachtsmen. Sailing matches go on here all the year round; from morning to night the clippers of Bayswater compete with the Kensington fleet, and maritime Notting Hill struggles bravely against nautical West Brompton. The spring of water close by still flows fresh, pure, and cool, as in the olden time, but out of masonry. No longer, however, does there exist any belief in its efficacy as a remedy for infantine colic. That superstition has vanished, like the theory that the Gardens ought to be kept as repellent as possible, in order to prevent the intrusion of those terrible "lower classes." Taking the sum total of the changes that have been wrought during the last five-and-thirty years, the effect has been to give this beautiful bit of metropolitan forest a higher practical value as a popular educator, while robbing it proportionately of sentiment. For one person who used to visit the Gardens, a hundred go there now; in place of the qualified gratification of a few well-born exclusives, we have the hearty enjoyment of all classes. Then all was dreary, dank, neglected—a wilderness where Nature alone had a pleasant time of it all the year round. For the recluse, for the student, for the embryonic poet, for the embittered soul, the place had many charms, we grant, and we can quite believe that they must regret the exchange of old lamps for new. But the greatest happiness of the greatest number has been obtained by calling in Art to help Nature. Listen to the jocund peals of laughter ringing out here and there; watch the myriads of joyous children at play; note well the good temper, the unmistakable happiness of all, young and old; then conjure back the vision of Old Kensington Gardens, with the acrid-looking dowagers, the funereal silence, the chilling gloom, and say whether the place has not been vastly improved, on the whole, by being popularised. Here and there, as we have pointed out, there may be matter for amendment, but the general retrospect leaves a large balance for public congratulation. The half-witted old crossing-sweeper at "Red Lion Gate," who has known the Gardens for a quarter of a century, admits as much, although he, like half-wits generally, is a *laudator temporis acti*.

ABU SEID OF SERUG.

In spite of the facilities for travelling in the East, the modern life of the inhabitants is almost a greater mystery than ever. Before Cairo and Alexandria were half Europeanised, the traveller came far more into connexion with Eastern life than at present. Now, the tawdry frippery and tinsel glare of the *café chantant* civilisation has driven the Arab into greater seclusion than ever, for the more he sees of such Western habits as prevail in the capitals, the less he likes them, and the more he shuts himself up in his own world. No greater contrast can be imagined, for instance, than that between a European and a native *café* in Cairo. In the one there are the stereotyped waitresses, the chicory coffee, the absinthe, the gambling saloon, and the inevitable band of Bohemian musicians of both sexes, with the equally inevitable little girl, whose childish naïveté forms one of the great attractions. Here poor beer is dispensed to the tune of poor music from 7 P.M. to 1 or 2 A.M., till the fiddlers are ready to drop, the little girl spasmodically falls asleep and awakes by fits and starts, and the wearied audience lounge slowly home, wondering why on earth they waste seven or eight hours a day in such places, and yet return to them again, like the needle to the north. From these haunts the traveller, of course, gains no idea of Oriental life. Nor is he any better off when his dragoman takes him to the purlieus of the Rosetta Gardens, and exhibits the squalid haunts where the mongrel population of the town and its criminal classes smoke opium or *hashish*. As well might one exhibit the dens of Whitechapel and round about the Tower as a criterion of English life in London.

The Arab *café* is a very different affair. It must be looked for in the quarters towards the citadel or Boulak, or, better still, in the towns of the Delta—in Rosetta, Damietta, Mansourah. Dingy and black, illuminated by one or two dimly burning oil-lamps, shedding just light enough to cast weird shadows across the still weirder and fantastic visages sitting around, the furniture consists only of wickerwork benches or reed-covered stools about a foot high, a shelf for the narghilehs, another for the cups and cup-holders—*fingan* and *sarf*—and the little copper coffee-pots in which the aromatic beverage is prepared. Here sit the solemn Arabs quietly smoking, the *cafétier* methodically making his coffee over the glowing embers of a charcoal fire, and his servants, generally young boys, clad in a blue shirt and a belt, handing the cups around, and fetching a live coal now and then to place upon the *tumback* in the flat-bowled narghileh. From time to time an itinerant vendor of boiled melon seeds, pistachio or monkey-nuts, and *halwar*—a sweetmeat made of honey and sesame oil—hawks round his wares; somebody buys five paras' worth (one farthing) and gravely shares the delicacy with his neighbours. After a while the story-teller makes his appearance, generally a blind man, with a red turban, and his snow-white beard flowing down over his black robes. He is accompanied by two Arabs, one with his *darabuka*—a kind of tambourine made out of a gourd—the other with his *nayeh*, or flute. By this time a *fanoos*—a coloured glass lamp—has been suspended from the middle of the ceiling, and under this lantern the old man takes his seat after having gravely *salaam aleikumed* all round, and received the *aleikum salaam* in return.

He then begins his tale in a sort of recitative, *tremolando* voice, the telling passages being emphasised by a burst of the *darabuka* and *nayeh*, the chorus sometimes accompanied by the audience with a rhythmical clapping of hands and cries of *Alláh, Alláh!* The subjects of his tales ever vary; but as often as not they are taken from Abu Seid of Serug, of which the German translation, by Rückert, has just been published, in the fifth edition. The *makamehs* of Abu Seid are still quite as popular in Egypt amongst the Arabs as ever; and Dr. Ebeling, the Professor of German at the Military Academy in Cairo, relates how delighted his pupils were when they found that Abu Seid had been translated into the language they were learning. They wanted to know whether rose-water was sprinkled before him when Rückert rode out, and whether salt was strewn on the threshold of his house at Coburg, and seemed much disappointed when they heard that Europeans seldom honour their poets till they are dead and gone, and dissected by the commentators, who know what they meant far better than they could say it themselves. A study of Abu Seid would convey a much more accurate idea of the character of the modern Arab than a flying visit to their home, for the rapt attention they devote to the sayings of Abu Seid, and the applause they bestow on the finest passages, show their earnestness, and prove that their mental and moral calibre is far beyond that of the *petits crevés* of the "El Dorado" or "Oriental." For instance, what would be thought in any *café* west of the Adriatic if the funeral oration of Hareth ben Hemmam were to be proposed in lieu of "Rataplan! Beau Sabreur," or "Tommy, make room for your Uncle?" Yet this is quite a *pièce de résistance* of the Arab minstrel. In utter silence the audience listens to the opening verses:—

Have ye then no tears to shed—When your dearest friend is dead?
Can ye lay without a tear—His remains upon the bier?
Can ye follow without sorrow—To the dreary vaulted hollow?
Yea! the pall ye may hold—But ye think of his gold!
He may sink to his rest—But ye think of his chest!
Let him speed to his grave—But—how much did he save?

and then when the climax is reached:—

Vain is all your endeavour,
For your eyes open never,
Until they are sealed up for ever!

the bard starts up, raises his voice, gesticulates wildly, the tambourine and the flute break in with a sounding burst, and the audience cry out in long deep-drawn accents, *Alláh! Alláh!* until the musicians gradually pass over into a brighter staccato melody, gently accompanying the singer as he continues his recitation:—

Thou, boasting of thy wit, How long yet wilt thou flit, From where the wise men sit—
Along thy foolish way?
All right and wrong confusing, All good advice refusing—And all the debts abusing—
That duty bids thee pay!
Do not the solemn bier, Thy gray hair thin and sere, The flight of year by year—
Warn thee how full thy sheaf?
Thou tott'rest o'er the grave, A helpless, moaning slave, Whom nought from Death can save—
And tremblest like a leaf!

All this can scarcely be called cheerful; but, on the whole, except during the Greater and Lesser Beiram festivals, when gayer strains prevail, the Arab *café* amusements are of a serious cast. Perhaps the great difference between Arab and European in this respect is that the Arab goes to bed with the conviction that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, whilst the European wakes up with it, coupled with an instinctive desire for soda-water.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

—o—

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN ENGLAND.

"I AM not frightened, but stunned—completely stunned," said Balfour; his hands on his knees, his head bent down. The ever-faithful Jewsbury had at once gone to him on hearing the news; and now the small man with the blue spectacles stood confronting him, all the joyousness gone out of his resonant voice. "I feel there must be a clean sweep. I will go down to The Lilacs, and send over one or two things belonging to—to my wife—to her father's; then everything must go. At present I feel that I have no right to spend a shilling on a telegram——."

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

before; and he could not give sufficient expression to the gratitude he bore towards that kind and gracious and generous friend down there in Surrey who had lent him such swift counsel and succour in his great distress.

"And what do you think of it all, Jewsbury?" said he, with all the proud reserve gone from his manner and speech. "What will she do? It was only a sort of probationary tour, you know—she admitted that—there was no definite separation——"

Mr. Jewsbury gave no direct answer.

"Much depends," he said, slowly, "on the sort of letter you wrote to her. From what you say I should imagine it was very injudicious, a little bit cruel, and likely to make mischief."

LITERATURE.

A HEGELIAN VIEW OF KANT.

A Critical Account of the Philosophy of Kant. With an Historical Introduction. By Edward Caird, M.A., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: James Maclehose. London: Macmillan and Co.

"Les extrêmes se touchent," and this paradox is illustrated in the case of the two most completely opposed views of the history of philosophy. The Comteist conception of this history, which has as its presupposition the futility of all metaphysical speculation, and the Hegelian conception, which assumes that the whole development of thought has been a preparation for the true method of Hegel, appear at first sight sufficiently unlike. Yet in their practical application they do not differ so greatly as one might suppose. Each recognises an element of truth in this speculation: the Comteist, the ingredient of positive knowledge—the Hegelian, the dim foreboding (*Ahnung*) of the one right way in philosophy. For the rest, the method of each is critical and destructive. Thus, while we find Mr. Lewes exposing the untenability of the position of this and that ancient and modern metaphysician, we see Mr. Green refuting Hume, and now Professor Caird doing a good deal towards dissolving the intricate fabric of Kant's philosophy.

This is, of course, only one side of the case. It does make a difference, though less than one might at first suppose, to have to tell a man that he is altogether on the wrong road, and to have to say to him, "You are on the right road, only you should keep straight on, and not turn into this and that by-path." The Hegelian can look on Hume who woke Kant out of his "dogmatic slumber" as a necessary link in the chain of philosophic thought. How much more must he recognise in Kant himself this function of preparing the way for the true Messiah of speculation! We take more interest in watching a boy attempt some gymnastic feat or some mechanical problem when we know that it can be done. Hence the Hegelian proves on the whole a more sympathetic historian than the Comteist. Of course this sympathy has its degrees. The Hegelian cannot enter into Hume's way of philosophy, which to him is of use simply as proving the defects of some previous crude attempt in metaphysic, as he enters into Kant's way, which he regards as but an early stage of Hegel's own thought. And so Mr. Caird's book is much more satisfactory reading, both in its exposition and in its criticism, than Mr. Green's.

It is to be observed, however, that the peculiar relation of subject to expounder and critic, illustrated in the work before us, has its own characteristic dangers. If Mr. Green misrepresents Locke and Hume because he is too far off to see any perspective in the objects he observes, Professor Caird is apt to miss the proper proportions of Kant's system by the very fact of being so near his object. In other words, he runs the risk of falling from time to time into an exaggeration of a partial view of his subject. Now he is inclined to read too much Hegelianism into his author, and this seems to us to be the dominant tendency of his exposition. At other times, again, he takes up a hostile position, and pushes Kant, so to speak, as far as possible from his own critical standpoint. It might perhaps be thought that this two-fold way of "envisaging" one's subject would result, on the whole, in a fairly impartial view. But, in truth, Professor Caird's whole method of viewing his subject is exceedingly likely to befog all those who are not faithful adherents of his own system. Even if he does succeed, in the long run, in measuring accurately the distance from Kant to Hegel, the question remains whether in so doing he will render Kant more intelligible to the unbiassed student of philosophy. We think Professor Caird has decidedly done much to give lucidity to Kant's ideas. By divesting them, as far as possible, of their cumbrous terminology, by comparing the various parts of Kant's system, so as to get at the underlying central thought and aim, Mr. Caird has done good service to the student of philosophy. Further, in the historical sketch which he prefixes to his exposition of Kant, and also in the interesting review of Kant's philosophical development and of the successive stages through which he reached his final position, our author ever and again throws new light on his subject. Yet these valuable ingredients, these pearls of his book, for the ordinary student, lie embedded in what we might call—were we to borrow a term employed by Mr. Caird to characterise an obnoxious system of philosophy—a "slough" of Hegelian conceptions and phrases. Hence we think the work will prove a failure so far as it is intended to be an introduction to the study of Kant, though it will no doubt be regarded as the first adequate account of its subject by those who unreservedly accept the author's standpoint.

The author commences by giving a brief account of the critical spirit in ancient philosophy, and a fuller review of the chief movements of modern philosophy before Kant. The aim of this part is of course to show how speculation led up to Kant's critical method. The account of Leibnitz and the Wolffian philosophy will be specially valuable to the English student, since our histories of philosophy are wont to tell us very little about these thinkers. On the whole, however, the Hegelian way of defining the problem of philosophy obtrudes itself too much for this sketch to be of much general value. The reader becomes easily bewildered as he finds all stages in the history of thought reduced to one simple formula, which, by seeming to cover every phase equally well, loses all precise significance. When, for example, the modern man's instinct for liberty which challenges all authority is said to repose on the conviction, latent or expressed, "that in the consciousness of self he has the ultimate test of truth, or, in other words, that there is *no absolute dualism between himself and the world*," we are lost in perplexity. In our simplicity we should have supposed that such a rupture with authority was rather the assertion of the individual's separate existence in defiance of a world to which he opposes himself. The Hegelian conception of the history of philosophy appears to be, so far as we can gather it from Mr. Caird's book, that all speculation has been a hopeless floundering, with a few more or less respectable efforts at self-extrication, in a dualism of thought and being, and that it is Hegel who first showed how this dualism is to be transcended by the conception of an intelligence which (to use Mr. Caird's words) "must go out of itself, must lose itself (in a world of objects), in order in the highest sense to find itself." Yet in reducing the manifold growths of speculation to this simple expression, the writer seems, to the ordinary mind, to rob them of all their individual colour and life.

We will not perplex the reader by taking him into Mr. Caird's detailed exposition of Kant's theoretical philosophy. The 'Critique of Pure Reason' is in itself a sufficiently difficult nut to crack, but the 'Critique' with a Hegelian commentary is really too much for the patience of the plain man, whether he be reviewer or reader. Perhaps one ought modestly to abandon the

attempt to criticise what one has so much difficulty in mastering. Yet even to call attention to the obscurity of a philosophic style is in a sense to criticise it. This at least must be our justification. We are thankful, however, to be able to speak of glimmerings of light in the prevailing darkness. Thus we would admit that the author helps to clear up the general aim of the 'Critique' by a reference to the thinkers whom Kant is immediately concerned to answer, though even here the language is apt to be confusing. Professor Caird speaks of Kant's system as a last form of Individualism determined in the main by the Individualisms of the English thinkers (Locke, Berkeley, and Hume), and by those of the German thinkers (Leibnitz and Wolff). Yet though an Individualism, it was "at least potentially something more than an Individualism." It was a partial return to the Universalism of Descartes and Spinoza, and was destined to prepare the way for the reconciliation of the two. Professor Caird looks at the Critique as a gradual unfolding of a doctrine, each part of which is likely to be misunderstood except when read in the light of that which follows. Thus, for example, he looks on the *Æsthetic* as requiring the *Analytic* for its full comprehension. In the former, which was developed before the ideas of the latter had been matured, Kant seems, says our author, to be looking at perception as wholly distinct from conception, the particular as wholly independent of the general. But this is only in appearance:—"His elimination of the elements, contributed by the understanding, is necessarily imperfect; so long as he permits himself to conceive of sense as a source, not only of sensations, but of perceptions, as presenting to us not merely a 'manifold' of isolated feelings, but individual objects determined in space and time, as well as time and space themselves as objects."

This is a very good specimen of Mr. Caird's style of thought, and it may serve to show how difficult it is to say exactly when he is telling us what Kant did half-consciously think at bottom, and when he is enlightening us as to how Kant ought, in his critic's judgment, to have thought. The real gulf, however, which divides Kant from Hegel here and there forces itself into view—nowhere perhaps more distinctly than in the criticism of Kant's 'Antinomies of Reason.' To Kant, the contradictions which arise when we attempt to deal with the ideas of Soul, the World, and God as realities, are due to our seeking to give an objective application to ideas which have only a subjective meaning. To Mr. Caird, on the other hand, these contradictions are essential and inherent in the normal process of intelligence. All knowledge, empirical, scientific, and philosophic, begins with a sense of difference—that is, a contradiction—which it seeks to reconcile. And every step in this process "presupposes the goal of an absolute unity, in which alone the intelligence can find rest and satisfaction."

It is here that the cleft between Hegelian philosophy and positive science comes most clearly into view. Professor Caird admits that this conception of knowledge seems to discredit empirical observation in favour of *à priori* deduction, and he tries to obviate the objection. Yet facts are against him. Germany is just now strongly opposed to Hegelianism, and this because she is penetrated with the scientific spirit, the spirit that has been nourished in the domain of the physical sciences. On the other hand, Hegelianism thrives in the English University which is as yet least penetrated with the scientific spirit. Nay, more. Men of science in Germany, while rejecting the barren abstractions of Hegel, show a strong disposition to return to the philosophic basis fixed by Kant. And why is this? Because Kant recognises in sensation, in feeling, in the individual impression, a reality which Hegel denies to it. Kant helps the man of science to conceive his world as built up on the substantial groundwork of individual facts, while he offers him a way of escape from Materialism by showing him how all knowledge involves the mind's constructive or synthetic activity, and so has an empirical reality only. Yet more, Kantianism is in accord with the scientific spirit just because it modestly limits itself to experience and is content to leave the problem of the "why" of experience unresolved. All this shows that Hegelianism is by no means a necessary consequence of the Critical philosophy. In truth, as against Hegel's Absolute Idealism, Kant's Transcendental Idealism seems rather to have points of affinity with the Idealism or Phenomenalism of some of the English Association School, as J. S. Mill. The gulf which divides this school from Kant is no doubt great, and Mr. Caird (following Mr. Green) seeks, in the light of Kant's critical thought, to prove the untenability of some of the assumptions of this school. Yet, after all, Kant must be classed with those who wisely keep one foot firmly fixed on the solid ground of individual fact, and will not allow themselves to be deluded into supposing that the reality of these individual differences can be spirited away by any number of fine phrases respecting the One, the Universal, or the Absolute.

LIFE OF TITIAN.

[*Second Notice.*]

Titian: His Life and Times. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1877.

In our previous article we attempted to describe very briefly the general condition of the art at Venice when Titian entered upon his career. It is now time to consider more nearly the direction of his individual labours, to discover in what sense he appreciated the efforts of his predecessors, and how far he added to the existing resources of the school. That his genius was not of an order to reverse what had been done, we have already hinted, nor did he at any time indulge the dream which Tintoretto afterwards strove to realise, of uniting the diverse ideals of Florence and Venice. Such an ambition could only have found practical acceptance at a time when the splendour of both schools was already verging towards decline. Titian at any rate was not misled so far as to risk his fortune in the adventure; and had he yielded to the temptation we should have been left to look elsewhere for the final and complete assertion of the principles underlying Venetian style. But although he did not wander beyond the limits of the school, he boldly and successfully appropriated all that lay within those limits. He united in his own person various elements of style that had been previously scattered abroad, and he added of his own a certain grandiose manner of representation that passed then and has often passed since for sublimity of invention. The kind of splendour in design, expressive, not of imaginative power in the artist but of a social magnificence in the world, to which he had to appeal, was in reality originated by Titian. It was the artifice by which he secured for painting a wider authority and importance, befitting the growing dignity of its position. In Florence art had already won its empire over men's minds by a far-reaching command of imaginative truth, and the great Florentine artists were recognised as the equals and companions of the best in the land. But Venetian art had still to conquer this position, and Titian, instinctively appreciating the demand made upon his school, found a way of his own of raising his craft in the estimation of the world. He transferred to his painting something of the pride and luxury characteristic of those whom he sought to conciliate. He brought the world of his art nearer to their world, adding to simple nature a certain pomp and grandeur, and enlarging ordinary gesture and movement, by careful study of rhetorical effect. That this element in Venetian art was due to the initiative of Titian the slightest reference to the style of his predecessors and contemporaries will serve to show. Carpaccio was certainly not less observant or appreciative of the habits and costumes of the time in which he lived, but his rendering of these things was in a manner simpler than the things themselves. Palma Vecchio, again, clearly anticipated Titian in choice of sensuous types of beauty, as Giorgione anticipated

"Oh," said Mr. Jewsbury, "when the heavens rain mountains, you needn't be afraid of stones." What he exactly meant by this speech he himself probably scarcely knew. He was nervous; and very anxious to appear the reverse. "Nobody will expect you to do anything *outré*. You won't bring down the debts of the firm by giving up the postage-stamps in your pocket-book; and of course there will be an arrangement; and—and there are plenty of poor men in the House——"

"I have just sent a message down to Englebury," he said, showing but little concern. "I have resigned."

"But why this frantic haste?" remonstrated his friend, in a firmer voice. "What will you do next? Do you imagine you are the only man who has come tumbling down and has had to get up again—slowly enough, perhaps?"

"Oh, no! not at all!" said Balfour frankly. "I am in no despairing mood. I only want to get the decks clear for action. I have got to earn a living somehow—and I should only be hampered by a seat in Parliament——"

"Why, there are a hundred things you could do, and still retain your seat!" his friend cried. "Go to some of your friends in the late Government—get a private-secretaryship—write political articles for the papers—why, bless you, there are a hundred ways——"

"No, no, no," Balfour said, with a laugh, "I don't propose to become a bugbear to the people I used to know—a man to be avoided when you catch sight of him at the end of the street—a button-holer—a perpetual claimant. I am off from London, and from England, too. I dare say I shall find some old friend of my father's ready to give me a start—in China or Australia—and as I have got to begin life anew it is lucky the blow fell before my hair was grey. Come, Jewsbury, will you be my partner? We will make our fortune together in a half-dozen years. Let us go for an expedition into the Bush. Or shall we have a try at Peru?—I was always certain that the treasures of the Incas could be discovered."

"But, seriously, Balfour, do you mean to leave England?" the clergyman asked.

"Certainly."

"Lady Sylvia——"

The brief glimpse of gaiety left his face instantly.

"Of course she will go to her father's when she returns from America," said he coldly.

"No, she will not," replied his friend, with some little warmth. "I take it, from what you have told me of her, that she is too true a woman for that. It is only now you will discover what a good wife can be to a man. Send for her. Take her advice. And see what she will say if you propose that she should abandon you in your trouble and go back to her father! See what she will say to that!"

Jewsbury spoke with some vehemence, and he did not notice that his companion had become strangely moved. It was not often that Balfour gave way to emotion.

"Why," said he—and then he suddenly rose and took a turn up and down the room, for he could not speak for a moment. "Jewsbury, she left me! She left me!"

"She left you?" the other vaguely repeated, staring at the young man who stood there with clenched hands.

"Do you think," Balfour continued, rapidly, with just a break here and there in his voice, "that I should be so completely broken down over the loss of that money? I never cared for money much. That would not hurt me, I think. But it is hard—when you are badly hit—to find——"

He made a desperate effort to regain his composure, and succeeded. He was too proud to complain. Nay, if the story had to be told now, he would take all the blame of the separation on himself, and try to show that his wife had fair grounds for declaring their married life unendurable. Mr. Jewsbury was a little bit bewildered, but he listened patiently.

"You have done wrong in telling me all that," said he, at last. "I need never have known, for I see how this will end. But how fortunate you were to have that friend by you in such a crisis, with her happy expedient. No one but a married woman could have thought of it. If you had formally separated—if she had gone back to her father's—that would have been for life."

"How do you know this is not?"

"Because I believe every word of what that lady friend of hers said to you. And, if I don't mistake," he added, slowly, "I don't think you will find this loss of money a great misfortune. I think if you were at this moment to appeal to her—to suggest a reconciliation—you would see with what gladness she would accept it."

"No," said the other, with some return to his ordinary reserve and pride of manner. "She left me of her own free will. If she had come back of her own free will, well and good. But I cannot ask her to come now. I don't choose to make an *ad misericordiam* appeal to anyone. And if she found that my Parliamentary duties interfered with her notion of what our married life should be, what would she think of the much harder work I must attack somewhere or other if I am to earn a living? She would not accompany me from Surrey to Piccadilly: do you think she would go to Shanghai or Melbourne?"

"Yes," said his friend.

"I, at least, will not ask her," he said. "Indeed I should be quite content if I knew that her father could provide her with a quiet and comfortable home; but I fear he won't be able to hold on much longer to the Hall. She was happy there," he added, with his eyes grown thoughtful. "She should never have left it. The interest she tried to take in public affairs—in anything outside her own park—was only a dream—a fancy; she got to hate everything connected with the actual business of the world almost directly after she was married——"

"Why?" cried his friend, who had as much shrewdness as most people. "The cause is clear—simple—obvious. Public life was taking away her husband from her a trifle too much. And if that husband is rather a reserved person—and rather inclined to let people take their own way, instead of humouring them and reasoning with them——"

"Well, now, I think you are right there," said Balfour, with some eagerness. "I should have tried harder to persuade her. I should have had more consideration. I should not have believed in her refusals—— But there," he added, rising, "it is all over now. Will you go out for a stroll Jewsbury? I shan't bore you with another such story when you take a run out to see me at Melbourne."

Now it happened that when they got out into Piccadilly the Kew omnibus was going by, and the same project struck both friends at the one moment—for the wilder part of the Gardens had at one time been a favourite haunt of theirs. A second or two afterwards they were both on the top of the omnibus; driving through the still, warm air; greatly contented; and not at all afraid of being seen in that conspicuous position. The brisk motion introduced some cheerfulness into their talk.

"After all, Balfour," said Mr. Jewsbury, with philosophic resignation, "there are compensations in life; and you may probably live more happily outside politics altogether. There was always the chance—I may say so now—of your becoming somebody; and then you would have gone on to commit the one unforgivable sin—the sin that the English people never condone. You might have done signal service to your country.

You might have given up your days and nights—you might have ruined your health—you might have sacrificed all your personal interests and feelings—in working for the good of your fellow-countrymen; and then you know what your reward would have been. That is the one thing the English people cannot forgive. You would have been jeered at and ridiculed in the Clubs; abused in the papers; taunted in Parliament; treated everywhere as if you were at once a self-seeking adventurer, a lunatic, and a fiend bent on the destruction of the State. If you had spent all your fortune on yourself; given up all your time to your own pleasures; paid not the slightest attention to anybody around you except in so far as they ministered to your comfort, then you would have been regarded as an exemplary person, a good man, and honest Englishman. But if you had given up your whole life to trying to benefit other people through wise legislation, then your reward would be the pillory, for every coward and sneak to have his fling at you."

"My dear Jewsbury," Balfour said, with a rueful smile, "it is very kind of you to insist that the grapes are sour."

"Another advantage is that you will have added a new experience to your life," continued the philosopher who was bent on cheering his friend up a bit, "and will be in so much the completer man. The complete man is he who has gone through all human experiences. Time and the law are against any single person doing it; but you can always be travelling in that direction."

"One ought, for example, to pick a pocket and get sent to prison?"

"Certainly."

"And run away with one's neighbour's wife?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And commit a murder?"

"No," replied this clerical person, "for that might disturb the experiment—might bring it to an end, in fact. But there can be no doubt that Shakespeare committed several diabolical murders, and was guilty of the basest ingratitude, and was devoured with the most fiendish hatred—in imagination. In turns he was a monster of cupidity, of revenge, of bloodthirstiness, of cowardice. Other men, who have not the power to project themselves in this fashion, can only learn through action. It therefore follows that the sooner you get yourself sent to the treadmill the better."

"And indeed I suppose I am nearer it now than I was a week ago," Balfour admitted. "And perhaps I shall soon begin to envy and imitate my esteemed father-in-law in the little tricks by which he earns a few sovereigns now and again. I used to be very severe on the old gentleman; but I may have to take to sham companies myself."

With this and similar discourse the two sages passed the ime until they arrived at Kew. It will be observed that as yet it was only a theoretical sort of poverty that had befallen Balfour. It was a sort of poverty that did not prevent the two friends from having a fairly comfortable luncheon at a hotel down there; or from giving up the day to idle sauntering through the wilder and uncultivated portion of the Gardens; or from indulging in useless guesses as to what might have been, had Balfour been able to remain in Parliament.

"But in any case you will come back," continued Mr. Jewsbury, who was trying to espy a squirrel he had seen run up the trunk of an elm, "and you will be burdened with wealth, and rich in knowledge. Then, when you get into Parliament, shall I tell you what you must do? Shall I give you a project that will make your name famous in the political history of your country?"

"It won't be of much use to me," was the answer; "but I know one or two gentlemen down at Westminster who would be glad to hear of it."

"Take my proposal with you now. Brood over it. Collect facts wherever you go. Depend on it——"

"But what is it?"

"The total abolition of that most pernicious superstition—trial by jury. Why, man, I could give you the heads of a speech that would ring through the land. The incorruptibility of the English bench—the vast learning, the patience, the knowledge of the world, the probity of our judges. Then you draw a picture of one of these judges laboriously setting out the facts of a case before the jury; and of his astonishment at their returning a verdict directly in the teeth of the evidence. Think of the store of anecdotes you could amass—to get the House into a good humour. Then a burst of pathetic indignation. Whose reputation, whose fortune is safe, if either depends on the verdict of twelve crass idiots? A bit of flash oratory on the part of a paid pleader may cost a man a couple of thousand pounds in the face of common sense and justice. Balfour," said Mr. Jewsbury, solemnly, "the day on which the verdict in the Tichborne case was announced was a sad day for me."

"Indeed," said the other. "I have got an uncle-in-law who believes in Tich yet. I will give you a note of introduction to him; and you might mingle your tears."

"I was not thinking of Tich," continued Mr. Jewsbury, carefully plaiting some long grass together, "I was thinking of this great political project which I am willing to put into your hands—it will keep a few years. And I was thinking what a great opportunity was lost when those twelve men brought in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Arthur Orton. I had almost counted on their bringing in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Roger Tichborne; but if that was too much to hope for, then at least I took it for granted that they would disagree. That single fact would have been of more use to you than a hundred arguments. Armed with it, you might have gone forward single-handed to hew down this monstrous institution——" and here Mr. Jewsbury aimed a blow at a mighty chestnut-tree with the cord of grass he had plaited. The chestnut-tree did not tremble.

"However, I see you are not interested," the small clergyman continued. "That is another fact you will learn. A man without money pays little heed to the English Constitution, unless he hopes to make something out of it. What is the immediate thing you mean to do?"

"I can do nothing at present," Balfour said absently. "The lawyers will be let loose, of course. Then I have written to my wife requesting her—at least making the suggestion that she should give up the money paid to her under the marriage-settlement——"

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Jewsbury. "I won't say that you have been Quixotic; but don't you think that, before taking such a step, you ought to have got to know what the—the custom is in such things—what commercial people do—what the creditors themselves would expect you to do?"

"I cannot take anyone's opinion on the point," Balfour said simply. "But, of course, I only made the suggestion in informing her of the facts. She will do what she herself considers right."

"I cannot understand your talking about your wife in that tone," said Jewsbury, looking at the impassive face.

"I think they mean to transfer —— to the Lords," said Balfour, abruptly; and so for a time they talked of Parliamentary matters, just as if nothing had happened since Balfour left Oxford. But Jewsbury could see that his companion was thinking neither of Lords nor of Commons.

And, indeed, it was he himself, despite all his resolve, who wandered back to the subject; and he told Jewsbury the whole story over again, more amply and sympathetically than

This is brightly done enough, but it does not do for London what Arnold Mortier has done for Paris in his first series of 'Soirées Parisiennes.' In this description of a first night, as in the reception at Bohemia, Mr. Hatton describes, under feigned names, a good many people whom many readers will recognise at once, but he gives undue prominence to these to the exclusion of other types and personalities quite as characteristic. We cannot accept Mr. Hatton's first night as a typical first night, or his Bohemia as Bohemia at all in any of the hitherto accepted senses of the term, any more than we can accept his novel, and the novels of which it is the type, as an interesting or enduring school of fiction.

CYRIL TOURNEUR'S PLAYS AND POEMS.

The Plays and Poems of Cyril Tourneur. Edited with Critical Introduction and Notes. By John Churton Collins. In Two Volumes. London: Chatto and Windus.

Mr. Collins has set an example to editors of half-forgotten poets and dramatists in the patience with which he has kept back his edition while he prosecuted his labours of critical and biographical inquiry. He has examined Tourneur's plays and poems line by line, and he has been content to state conclusions without burdening his pages with tentative guesses. In this respect, indeed, so difficult is it to reach the perfect mean in editorial notes, we might complain that Mr. Collins has been too reserved, leaning rather to the unsuggestive reticence of Mr. Alexander Dyce than to the tiresome effusiveness of Mr. Grosart. Still, he has done good service in clearing up doubtful passages in his chosen author. The brevity of his biography of Tourneur is worthy of all praise. He has spared no pains to find out from contemporary registers and contemporary literature something about the personal life of the dramatist, but he has discovered only an allusion to him in the Alleyn Papers, and he has wisely refrained from attempting to build up for him an imaginary biography. That a biographer should refrain absolutely from speculating about the personality of an author whose work he loves would be too much to expect, and Mr. Collins has permitted himself one or two little conjectures. There is a considerable difference in style between Tourneur's two extant plays, the *Atheist's Tragedy* and the *Revenger's Tragedy*, and Mr. Collins conjectures that between the two lies a long period of dramatic activity, though none of its fruits have been preserved. It is indeed most likely that Tourneur wrote many plays besides the two that are extant, but it is rather rash to assume that because two of an author's works differ considerably in style, one showing much greater mastery than the other, a long interval must have elapsed between them. To take a striking instance from recent literature, what a gulf there seems to be between "Desperate Remedies" and "Under the Greenwood Tree"! One can hardly believe that they were written by the same person, and yet they appeared within a year or two of each other. We may often observe a sudden leap to maturity taken in this way. The time may come when critics will deny that the author of 'Sartor Resartus' was also the author of certain essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, which have been republished with his name; as many now question the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*, because it is so unlike Shakespeare's later works.

Mr. Collins's Introduction is well written, though formed too much on a model which can easily be parodied, but is not easy to imitate with success. The following passage may be given as a specimen, which shows at once the excellence of Mr. Collins's style and the modest and pardonable range of his biographical speculations:—

> In closing our review of these works it is difficult to leave them without pausing for a moment over the memory of their author, who, with obvious but perhaps unconscious egotism, has evidently left in their strange and melancholy pages no inconsiderable fragments of his own strange and melancholy autobiography. Of his life among men, of his struggles and vicissitudes, not a trace, as we have seen, remains; but of that inner life, which is the soul of action, and is all that can interest or concern anyone when the grave has closed over the actor, we cannot but feel that the veil has been uplifted, and that these two plays have other than mere literary fascination. Nothing, it is true, is so idle, so easy, and so presumptuous as to speculate and theorise on subjects like these; but here it is no officious recreation, but an imperative duty, with such lyric intensity and passionate abandonment has a poet stamped on his writings the terrible traces of so much bitter experience, of so much suffering, cynicism, and despair. Never, indeed, with the single exception of Byron, has a dramatist, while preserving successfully a certain superficial and technical consistency in the delineation of subordinate characters altogether out of the range of his care, comprehension, and sympathy, so obviously and so defiantly interwoven and interpenetrated objective embodiment with an intense all-absorbing subjectivity. Dramatic more in form than spirit, in particular detail rather than in general conception, these two plays have the same dreary burden, the same melancholy moral, and in all the various speeches of their many actors rings out the same hollow laughter, or falters low the same hopeless pathos. One chord is struck and there are no variations; one tale is told and there are no episodes. But how deep and piercing is the note, how savage and significant the burden! It is the egotism of a powerful and distorted mind, which narrowed as it hardened and gained in intellectual vigour as it lost in sensuality and enthusiasm. It would seem that he united the not uncommon anomaly of a fiery and restless soul with a cold and logical intellect. Where such a perilous union, no longer mutually corrective, fails to secure in consistent purpose the principle of healthy and harmonious actions, or to find at all events a narcotic in the possession of humour, it must either work its own speedy destruction, or, tortured into morbid and irritable action, become the fruitful parent of "all monstrous, all abhorred things."

With regard to Tourneur's lately discovered poem, "The Transformed Metamorphosis," we do not think that Mr. Collins has been very successful in his interpretation of its obscurities. It is, as he says, a very difficult poem to interpret; its stanzas are loaded with the extraordinary classical jargon in which the rougher intellects of the day revelled in the frenzy of literary production which reached its height at the close of the sixteenth century. When literature was a new thing to the national mind, and all threw themselves into it with something like the energy of intoxication, it was natural that they should play wonderful tricks with language. Clearness was not an object with them; on the contrary, those of them with whom the artistic aim was not paramount, and who essayed all sorts of gymnastic freaks in the enjoyment of their intellectual strength, exerted themselves to wrap up their meaning in fold within fold of dark figures of speech. "The Transformed Metamorphosis" is not easy reading, though it is rather an exaggeration to say, for the scholar at least, that "every line is a crux, every stanza an enigma, requiring not an Œdipus but a Lynceus." If the reader takes the poem in connexion with the political history of the time, and does not bewilder himself over intricate and perhaps inscrutable details, its general scope is clear enough. It is not a satire, as Mr. Collins supposes Tourneur to intimate in his rhymed address "to the reader," but a political pamphlet, partly in the guise of a satire. The poet begins by describing, in powerful verse, a rebellion of the powers of darkness against the powers of light. The whole sky is lurid with Phlegethontic fire; chaos is come again. All good influences are, for the moment, metamorphosed. The poet, acting as "chorus to this tragedy," stands upon "a steadfast rock," encompassed with flames and raging seas, and describes what passes before him in the tumult. The chief metamorphosed power which he sees is unmistakably the Church of Rome, which he describes in several fantastic stanzas, and calls by many hard names. Then he relates how a terrible monster appears among the peaceful shepherds of Delta. "Whether the soil him bred or foes him brought," he is unable to tell. As the poem was published in 1600, and written immediately before publication, Mr. Collins is undoubtedly right in conjecturing that this points to the Irish Rebellion, suspected to be the work of Popish emissaries, working on native discontent. Mr. Collins is also clearly right in identifying Mavortio, the heroic knight who encounters and slays the monster and its brood, with the Earl of Essex. Where we think Mr. Collins goes wrong is in his interpretation of the concluding part of the poem, which entirely leaves the paths of satire, and describes the transformation of the general chaos back into order. The poet describes Mavortio as dying in the very height of his triumph, and apparently

bases his hope of the reascendency of good influences on the possibility of the birth of another Mavortio.

> O where's Mavortio? may the Muses say:
> And haue the heau'ns bereaued vs of blisse?
> O heau'ns! nay O sweet heau'n-fed Muses stay.
> Exclaime not on the sacred heau'ns for this:
> But as a mother (that her childe doth misse)
> Lament: and be your heart from despaire wonne:
> Your wombe may bring forth such another sonne.

Mavortio, then—that is, Essex—is represented as being dead. But Essex was not executed till Easter, 1601, and the poem was published in 1600. Mr. Collins gets over this difficulty by supposing that the wrong date was put to the poem. But then he encounters other difficulties. The transformation of the hideously metamorphosed good powers back into their former brightness is supposed to be effected by somebody typified as a unicorn:—

> See that same rocke, the rocke of my defence,
> Is metamorphosde to an Vnicorne:
> Whose shining eies of glorious eminence,
> Doth all the world with brightnes cleare adorne,
> And with Ioue's strength, hir life-preserving horne,
> Hath purified the cristallized fount
> That streames along the valley of Artes' mount.

The rock is obviously Elizabeth. Who is the Unicorn? Mr. Collins supposes that the Unicorn is James I., who succeeded Elizabeth. It is spoken of as feminine—"*hir* life-preserving horne"—but that he takes to be a "blind." The poet did not dare to indicate her successor more pointedly. But he forgets that such a blind would have been utterly purposeless; the poet's offence would have been the same whether he made the successor male or female. He could not have dared, under any blind, to hint at the disorders of the kingdom being set right by a successor. We prefer another and a simpler interpretation. There is no necessity to suppose that Essex, if he is Mavortio, which very obviously he is, was literally dead. In 1600, the date of the poem, Essex was either in prison or fretting at liberty under the Queen's displeasure. This was death enough for poetic purposes. The Unicorn is the unwedded Queen herself, whom he elsewhere describes as "onelie"—that is, "alone"—"seated on the twin-top'd hill." The poem is a plea for the restoration of Essex to her favour. He is kept in disgrace by his enemies, the powers of darkness—Essex was always suspecting enemies, and was advised by Bacon to attribute his disfavour with the Queen to them—and Her Majesty is entreated to dismiss their counsels, "make heaven's traitors blush to see their shame," and "clear the world of their black 'vironies." The suggestion of "another son" who should take the place of Mavortio need occasion no difficulty. It was only politic not to represent the disgraced nobleman as being absolutely indispensable. Nor need we be staggered by such lines as "Thou art deemed worthy of the deity," "Heaven hath thy spirit for high heaven elected," as applied to Mavortio. The heavenly power is the supreme Elizabeth, by whose action it is bliss even to be disgraced. These lines would indeed be a difficulty if we supposed Essex to have been really executed; for the poet would have speedily followed him if he had dared to represent his death as a traitor under the image of a translation to heaven.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

History of French Literature. By Henry Van Laun. Vol. III. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1877.

In the third and last volume of his 'History of French Literature' Mr. Van Laun covers the period from the end of Louis XIV.'s to the end of Louis Philippe's reign—a period the latter portion of which saw the final victory of the romantic over the classical school, in the struggle of which we spoke in our notice of Mr. Van Laun's second volume. Practically the first conquest in this direction was gained by the 'Henri III. et sa Cour,' of Alexandre Dumas, a writer whom Mr. Van Laun, in company with many others, does not seem to us to estimate by any means at his true value. "We have now arrived at Dumas, the great Dumas, as it has pleased some to call him," says Mr. Van Laun, with an airy superiority which it is delightful to contemplate. Why it should not please some to speak of "the great Dumas" Mr. Van Laun thinks it unnecessary to tell us with any greater definiteness than is conveyed in this passage, "Did he deserve severe censure? Was his immense popularity entirely justified? To each question a negative may be unhesitatingly answered." The writer of the 'History of French Literature' may certainly answer both these questions in the negative with as little hesitation as he likes; but with due submission to so great an authority as Mr. Van Laun, we must for ourselves take leave to answer with equally little hesitation that not only was Dumas's popularity completely justified, but that his reputation is by no means as great generally as it should be. No doubt he is still enormously popular in a certain sense, and it is likely that our generation, at least, will see no diminution of the interest with which the fortunes of Edmond Dantés and of d'Artagnan are followed by eager readers. But to many people Dumas's name is known only by these books and their like; they are not aware that there is scarcely a subject in the range of fiction and criticism upon which he has not written, and written well. True, he has also written ill, or at least carelessly; and certain critics—among whom, apparently, Mr. Van Laun must be counted—are blinded by the fact that Dumas did produce so much that some of it must needs be careless or ill-devised, to the extraordinary excellence, not only of his imaginative qualities, but of his style, which at its best can scarcely be surpassed for dignity, clearness, and passion. Mr. Van Laun himself goes so far as to say that Dumas' style "is always clear, correct, and idiomatic, even in its lowest flights," and this is said as the finishing touch to a panegyric which it is not easy to reconcile with the opinion that the great novelist's "immense popularity" was not entirely justified.

After reading Mr. Van Laun's decidedly curious estimate of Dumas, we come presently to his remarks upon Balzac, and here is much more food for astonishment. If we were asked to establish a likeness between Balzac and some other writer, there might be considerable difficulty in finding another author in whom might be discovered even a fanciful resemblance to the writer of the *Comédie Humaine*. If we were asked to name writers who were not the least like Balzac, it would be easy enough, and it may safely be asserted that no one but Mr. Van Laun would from such a list exclude Rabelais. It is at any rate certain that no one but Mr. Van Laun would have dreamt of saying that the 'Physiology of Marriage' is written in what he is pleased to call "the Pantagruelistic style—to wit, no style at all." In the first place, there is nothing "Pantagruelistic" in the work at all; in the second, it is written in a distinct and brilliant style; and, in the third, the style of Rabelais is as well marked as that of Balzac, and completely different. To talk of two such authors having "no style at all," is nothing less than absurd. Besides making this strange error of judgment in attempting to set up an impossible comparison, Mr. Van Laun has, we think, made another error concerning the drift of the 'Physiology of Marriage.' In it he says, "in the midst of theories and paradoxes, of tortuous arguments and quaint axioms, of inconsequent digressions and absurd commentaries, we find the profoundest reflections and the most earnest and lofty ideas." Mr. Van Laun must have been in a strangely exalted frame of mind when he discovered these lofty ideas in the 'Physiology of Marriage,' which is profound, no doubt, in the sense of being throughout a deep and closely-veiled satire, as different as possible in its expression from the harder hitting of Rabelais. Mr. Van Laun must surely have mixed up the 'Physiology of Marriage' with another work in which Balzac deliberately set himself, with but moderate success, to imitate Rabelais.

In Mr. Van Laun's observations on Victor Hugo, he says, concerning his *Cromwell*, "I do not think that

him in glowing warmth of colour; but none of these men possessed the secret of clothing their work with the air of sumptuous magnificence that Titian caught from the life of his city and of his time. This new spirit in art was afterwards appropriated by others. We find it in an exaggerated form in the work of Veronese, whose delight in splendid costumes and grandiose movement was more frankly indulged, and it reappears later in the inventions of Rubens.

This was the element in Titian's painting that lay outside of its purely artistic qualities; but with deeper and more enduring attractions, his style was also richly endowed. If we look back over the interval that divides our time from his, we find that all modern art has been indelibly influenced by his personality. In all the schools of painting that date from the beginning of the seventeenth century, the two most prominent and important products have been portrait and landscape. Imagination has sometimes played a part, but it has been a secondary part. Even Rubens, in spite of his stupendous inventions, was in essence a realist. We love his execution better than his idea; we look to his colouring rather than to his design. And if we except Rubens we find that all painting of the first authority has been frankly employed upon portrait or landscape. Invention, where it has been ambitious, has rarely been genuine, and where it has been genuine it has been restricted to social or domestic themes. The seventeenth century gave us Velasquez, and Rembrandt, and Frank Hals, and Claude Lorraine. The eighteenth century gave us Reynolds and Gainsborough, and those elegant *genre* painters of France who were never so fine as in their portraits. The nineteenth century has given us Constable, Turner, Rousseau, Millet, and a host of other professors of landscape.

All these names serve in their different degrees as witnesses to the influence of Titian, for of both these *genres* of portrait and landscape, as we now understand them, Titian was in some sense the originator. In a letter, bearing the date of October 1522, Titian apprises the Prince of Spain of the dispatch of several pictures, and amongst them a landscape. "For the first time," write Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "in the annals of Italian painting, we hear of a picture which claims to be nothing more than a landscape; and of this landscape Titian was the painter. We look through numberless catalogues of the seventeenth century, and find but one reference to a piece of the kind by the great Venetian." But, as they proceed to point out, the landscape drawings of Titian are numerous, and are spread over all the collections of Europe. As often as the great painter went up from Venice to his native mountains in Cadore, he must have filled his sketch-book with these delightful records of the country through which he passed; and Mr. Josiah Gilbert, who has devoted particular attention to this side of Titian's genius, distinguishes different classes of drawing, corresponding with different parts of the country. It would be difficult to overrate the importance of this feeling for outward nature which so passionately possessed the great Venetian. By its presence even that which might otherwise seem artificial in his style is kept eternally fresh and young. As we gaze at his pictures we may turn away from the group of figures in the foreground, not always perhaps entirely satisfying to the imagination, to find compensation in the distant view of sunlit water and blue hills where the shepherd, unconscious of the presence of the holy family, is sheltering his flock from the storm. At a time when the hold upon ideal truth was growing less secure, nothing else could have saved painting from degenerating into mere mannerism. That fate had already overtaken the Florentine school, which fell absolutely with the decay of imaginative power. But Venice, with its sentiment for outward nature, and its masterly development of the importance of portrait, gained a new vitality, and became the source of inspiration and the model of practice for all the later schools. All painting that has existed since the close of the sixteenth century has been technically based upon the painting of Venice. The executive style of the greatest modern masters has been in essence the style of the Venetians, and it is only quite in our own day that a new study of Florentine art has led to some attempted revival of its method.

Titian was not in the same exclusive sense the originator of portraits. There were great portraits before his time, and there were great masters of the craft at Florence, as well as at Venice. But no one can fail to observe, in the perusal of these volumes, that it was through Titian mainly that the profession of portrait painting acquired new honour and dignity. It was in virtue of his portraits of the monarch that Charles V. granted to the painter the reward of knighthood, and Titian, who was an accomplished courtier as well as a great artist, found in his gift of portraiture the surest means of advancement. We find that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle mention many more than a hundred names of persons who sat to Titian. Nor when we speak of Titian's art as being imbued with the spirit of portraiture do we confine our observation merely to likenesses of eminent individuals. The interest of portraiture entered not less surely into compositions historical or ideal in their aim; it attached itself to the manner of representation not less than to the subject represented. The accessories of costume, the conditions of light and shade, are rendered with a new feeling of delight in exact imitation—a new desire to record the truth of a particular moment. A Venus from Titian has more the attraction of a portrait than of the realisation of an idea; the light that plays so delicately upon fair flesh tones is the light as he saw it upon his model. We should never think of seeking, in the forms or faces of Michael Angelo for a reflection of the life of his time, but we do so look in the paintings of Titian. We accept, without misgiving, the varied characters in his pictures as so many types of Venetian character. We do not fear that his imagination should have trenched upon the reality. They bear the unmistakable warrant of an unerring fidelity, and we forget or pardon the imaginative failure in the pleasure of being permitted this vivid insight into the heart of Venetian life and society.

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

The Queen of Bohemia. By Joseph Hatton. London: Chapman and Hall.

'The Queen of Bohemia' is not a very exhilarating novel. Not that there is any deep tinge of melancholy impressed upon it; on the contrary, it is one of those stories where all the good persons concerned are happily married off at the last, and where everything seems to promise that they shall live happily ever after. But there is a settled monotony, a stereotyped regularity, about the narrative, about the incidents, and about the characters, that renders it almost impossible to conjure up much interest in either narrative, incidents, or characters. The reader who has once begun 'The Queen of Bohemia' may stop off at any point, and scarcely notice that he has stopped off, or read on to the last chapter and quietly wonder why the book has come to an end, without any fear of having his emotions unduly excited, or his attention too powerfully concentrated. But, on the other hand, 'The Queen of Bohemia' is neither a dull nor a disagreeable novel. If the incidents are somewhat stale, if the characters are somewhat commonplace, still the former are the good stock incidents, which, like a lost will, or the rescue of a heroine from a house on fire, are never positively unwelcome, while the latter have at least the attraction of presenting old familiar faces to our gaze.

The Queen of Bohemia is a Mrs. Toynbee, who, having been twice a widow, and being possessed of a fortune, the result of her two marriages, sets herself up as a Queen over that particular portion of London society which is here called Bohemia. She is thus described:—

> A tall woman, of striking appearance, Mrs. Toynbee had the grace of the panther. She generally succeeded in impressing her acquaintances with the belief that she had the claws also, and could

use them if occasion required. She would have been a brunette but for her hair, which her severest feminine critics said was dyed. They were wrong; and the splendour of it was one of her fiercest attractions. Her features were irregular. She had an expressive mouth, which she opened too wide in conversation, possibly to exhibit her regular and excessively white teeth. Her profile was anti-classical, but the front view of her face was artistic, and her features mobile. Her eyes were a cold steel-grey; her eyebrows dark, and gracefully arched. Her dark, dull, red hair was dressed low over a naturally narrow forehead, and flatterers delighted to compare her bust and figure to the pictures of the beautiful actress-Countess of Derby. Her complexion drove artists mad. It recalled the semi-colourless hue of some old master—a healthy paleness, an intellectual pallor, with a warm glow beneath it, and about the eyes dark shadows, which ladies on the stage try to make up in their dressing-rooms, but only succeed in producing hideous exaggerations. Mrs. Toynbee's lady-friends would tell you that she made up her face—and so she did to some extent; but that singularly pallid, yet healthful complexion, was natural.

This lady, whom we seem to have met with more than once before in the pages of the popular novel, is determined to captivate the hero of the book, Lord Rokeby, a young peer with Republican tendencies, and elevate him to the dignity of her third husband. He, however, is in love with a charming girl, named Maggie Douglas, and remains invulnerable to the attractions of the dull red hair and the Gwendolen Harleth complexion. Upon his return from a tour in the United States, with his friend Arthur Welland, a successful musician, he finds that Maggie Douglas has gone on the stage, which, however, she consents to leave to become Lady Rokeby, while Welland consoles the Queen by becoming her third husband. There is, besides this, an under-plot of murder and robbery, in which the familiar detective plays a prominent part, which adds neither to the interest nor the originality of the story. Mr. Hatton writes well, and he has both vigour and skill, but he has not made 'The Queen of Bohemia' interesting, nor made his old lamps seem new. The first impression the book gives is that it is very easy to do; that much of it, like certain tricks of contemporary poetry, is "as mechanical as mending a kettle or shoeing a horse." When a novelist, possessed, like Mr. Hatton, of considerable talent to carry him along, sets to work upon these old lines, there seems no reason why he should ever come to an end. Why Mr. Hatton has confined himself to two volumes we are at a loss to understand, for he might have easily accomplished the traditional three without any further exercise of the inventive faculty. There is something amusing and not altogether inadmirable in the proposition that we are to be amused and interested by these old familiar faces and these old familiar incidents; there is a reckless humour about it that is positively pleasing.

'The Queen of Bohemia' may be taken as a typical novel, by no means the best and certainly not the worst, of a class in which the writers appear to think that they have nothing to do beyond the construction of a story and the creation of a sufficient number of characters to carry on the development of the plot. The idea of giving to these characters any individuality beyond that imparted by nomenclature and description of personal appearance never seems to occur to them, and this is the gravest fault of Mr. Hatton's novel. But for the names it would be impossible to know any of the characters from each other; the young Republican lord seems in nowise different from his friend the musician, nor the musician from anyone else.

Bohemia itself has been made use of often enough, one would think, but Mr. Hatton's definition of Bohemia is certainly original—the most original thing in the book. Bohemian, in Mr. Hatton's sense, apparently means everything that is in any way connected with art. All painters, all poets, all musicians, all sculptors, all literary men, are, in Mr. Hatton's opinion, Bohemians; while he occasionally seems to paraphrase John Stuart Mill's famous saying into an axiom, that all people who are Bohemians are so because they cannot be lords. It is at least open to question whether Bohemia, in any true sense of the term, exists at all at present. In the chapter on the reception in Bohemia, Mr. Hatton presents his view of the question, and the chapter is interesting, but it is hardly worked out enough, and it scarcely succeeds in establishing a genuine Bohemia. The hungry, struggling Bohemia of Murger's famous *Cénacle* is gone, dead alike here and in Paris; gone too is the Bohemia of Balzac; gone too, perhaps, is the unnamed Bohemia of Philip, which Thackeray described. "I have lost my way to Bohemia now," Thackeray says in ending his account, "but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world." It is somewhat to be feared that we have most of us lost our way to Bohemia now; that when we use the term Bohemian, either in praise or blame, we mean either what we like or what we do not like. There is a good deal of sham about Bohemia now, æsthetic Bohemia, or any other; it seems to have lost poetry, and it certainly would not starve Hercules into a consumption.

In the description of a first night at a London theatre, much more could have been made out of the subject than Mr. Hatton has seen fit to make. A first night in a London theatre is not so important an event as it is in Paris, where all the world worth seeing is sure to be present, and where the outside world can hardly get at all; but it is acquiring a distinct individuality of its own that is well deserving of clever treatment:—

The first night of a new play. There are some people in London who never miss it. One goes out of curiosity, another professionally, a third because "it is the thing, don't you know." The regular playgoer likes to be present because his attendance on these occasions has become a habit with him, just as the Derby is with another man. One goes because he is a friend of the dramatist; another because he is not; a third is there on account of his interest in the management; a fourth in the hope that the management has made a mistake. The critics go in fulfilment of their calling. Some of them are bored whether the play is good or bad. It is the thing to be bored, don't you know, as Ponny Meadows would say. Sometimes the critics are entitled to pity and commiseration, but they take out their tortures tenfold when they sit down to scarify the piece which has worn out their patience—for as a rule they are patient. But you can never judge what the critics will say. An astonishing thing is, when you think they have been dreadfully bored, and when you are glad that they have got gall at home for ink, to find by their papers the next day that they have been delighted. At other times, when you think they have an opportunity of honestly praising a piece, you find them full of fierce condemnation.

. . . . . .

While they are talking, let us look round this first-night house, and see who the people are in the stalls and boxes. We encounter several faces familiar at Carlton House, including Horace Sanguine (who oscillates between his stall near the entrance and the refreshment-room outside), Mr. Smythe, the artist, Mr. Fitzpatric Jones, the author, and Miss Octavia Otway, the piquant American journalist. In the box next to that in which Lord Rokeby is being instructed in first nights is Mr. Lowthers and his family. They are the proprietors of a great daily paper, which stood by the Government nobly during the recent crisis. In the adjacent box is the famous actress who dresses like Nell Gwynne, and tries to realise the well-known *decolleté* picture of that famous *artiste*. She is to sail with her husband next week for America, where she makes a fortune in one theatrical season. You know her portraits. She is quite as pretty as they represent her. Horace Sanguine objects to her mouth; but he is Mrs. Toynbee's especial admirer, and must find fault with any other reigning beauty. The tall, grey man, with the round, genial-looking woman in the box above, is the great masculine novelist, who is as gentle as a lamb, and as aggressive under irritation as a wolf. He is also a dramatist, and he has fought his critics with pen and parchment, in the press and in the law courts, and, in spite of his ever-brandished arm, they are continually reminding the public of the old man's genius. His present critical enemy is nursing his leg in the stalls, and talking to pleasant Joe Wright, who has devoted a lifetime to dramatic criticism, and has the finest collection of plays extant. The bright-eyed young man by his side is the writer of one very popular play and several excellent comedies. The man sitting in the stall behind him is the son of an illustrious novelist deceased. He has said a smart thing to the dramatist, with a sarcasm in it on his most recent failure. He gets a shot in return quite as wounding as his own, for the dramatist is clever at repartee. Mr. Henrys, the painter of that great picture, the "Last Battle," has brought his pretty wife to see the actress whom he hopes to paint for the next Academy. He is telling her that Miss Stanhope's eyes and mouth are a triumph of nature. Close by is Mr. James Leopold, who is industriously stroking his whiskers and listening to the blonde authoress, who is saying nice things to him about his dramatisation of the French play which is still running at the Duke's. On the second row of stalls, the calm, but keen-looking dark gentleman with the eye-glass is the famous lawyer, and the lady by his side, with the big eloquent eyes, is his wife. He is talking, with quiet self-possession, to a Queen's Counsel, against whom he is pitted in a police-court action at the Mansion House for the next day—a case which will set all London talking when the special editions of the evening papers are published.

Hugo intended the first dramatic instalment to be more than a rough exposition of the main characteristics of the romantic drama." What "the first dramatic instalment" may mean we cannot hope to discover; but as to Victor Hugo's intentions Mr. Van Laun need not have confined himself to thinking. If he had consulted the only existing life of Victor Hugo he would have discovered that the poet's intention was to give in *Cromwell* a great deal more than a rough exposition. It is perhaps too much to expect constant correctness from a writer who undertakes to master and to write about so vast a subject as Mr. Van Laun has chosen. Indeed, the work is perhaps too much for one man to have undertaken. However, when it is so very easy to ascertain given facts, a writer can scarcely be excused on any ground for putting mere inferences in their place. Mr. Van Laun has made another mistake for which it is difficult to find excuse in recording that Musset's "earliest production was 'The Tales of Spain and Italy'" (1830). It is but a very short time ago that M. Paul de Musset's life of his brother appeared, and by referring to that Mr. Van Laun would have found that the statement we have quoted is not strictly correct.

We had a pleasant task a short time ago in writing of Mr. Van Laun's second volume, and we regret that we cannot say as much in praise of his third as we did of that.

EREMA.

Erema; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. Blackmore. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"Captain, here I leave you all," he shouted to the leader of our waggon-train at a place where a dark, narrow gorge departed from the moilsome mountain track. "My reasons are my own; let no man trouble himself about them. All my baggage I leave with you. I have paid my share of the venture, and I shall claim it at Sacramento. My little girl and I will take this short cut through the mountain." And, in spite of the leader of the train apologising for a hot word spoken hotly, Erema's father turned his back upon his late comrades, and entered the dark gorge with his child in search of a settlement he knew of, where he meant to leave her. But the dark gorge led into the wilderness, the sterile, stony desert, hard as the fate that was awaiting him; for after wandering about for days, he was unable to find the landmark to guide him to the settlement he was in search of. The last morsel of food was eaten, the last drop of water spent to moisten the parched lips of his child, when, at last, he reached the spot whence the landmark—a gigantic tree—should have been visible. But it was not to be seen. The hot winds and the driving sand swept down upon the two weary travellers, until, within sight of the glowing plains of verdure below, George Castlewood sank down exhausted in the wilderness, and died, leaving Erema alone in the dreary waste, with the burden of his sin upon her. Here, lying insensible on the dead body, she is found by the grandson of Sampson Gundry, in search of whose settlement her father had lost his life, looking in vain for the landmark, the great tree, which Sampson had cut down that winter to "prove his rights." And now the Sawyer, as Sampson was then called, having proved his rights, determined to turn the King of the Mountains to advantage, and drag him down, by the help of his neighbours, into the valley below. But the mighty tree defied the utmost exertions of the strong men and the teams of oxen. The Sawyer had to confess his defeat. He dismissed his neighbours with a manly speech, thanking them for present assistance, and expressing his sorrow that he had felled the tree, in spite of his grandson, Ephraim, or Firm's, remonstrances. But Firm, mounting upon the fallen giant, said: "Neighbours, we have to thank you, more than I can tell, for coming to help us with the job. It was a job that had to be done for legal reasons which I do not understand, but no doubt they were good ones. For that we have my grandfather's word; and no one I think will gainsay it. Now, having gone so far, we will not be beaten by it, or else we shall not be Americans." The tree is therefore doomed to be sawn into fifty-foot lengths. But amidst the cheers which greet these words, Erema stands sadly aside, and the Sawyer asks what ails her. "But I could not bear to tell him, till he forced it from me under pain of his displeasure. I had spied on the skyline far above us, in the desert track of mountain, the very gap in which my father stood and bade me seek this landmark. His memory was true, and his eyesight also; but the great tree had been felled. The death of the 'King of the Mountains' had led to the death of the king of mankind, so far as my little world contained one."

These words of Erema's strike the keynote to the whole story. Henceforth Erema is weighed down by her father's memory. She remembers how she drank the last drop of water that might have saved his life, and ever reproached herself for it. Her love for him becomes merged into adoration of his memory, though she had seen but little of him in early life, and the burden of her grief and the intensity of her adoration increases a thousand-fold when she hears of the mystery that surrounded him. The mystery is solved when Mr. Goad, a private detective, arrives at the Sawyer's mill, and Erema, listening to the conversation between Gundry and Goad, discovers that George Castlewood had been committed for trial ten years back on the charge of having murdered his father, Lord Castlewood, but had managed to effect his escape. For some motive or other, Mr. Goad wished to obtain clear proof of the supposed murderer's death, and also, if possible, possession of his daughter. Sampson Gundry refuses to help Mr. Goad to either object. He bids him leave the mill, and Mr. Goad, not caring to brave the stalwart Cornishman, takes his departure, and is supposed to lose his life in the snowdrifts. It now becomes the object of Erema's life to clear her father's memory. She accepts the legacy of her father's sin, and determines to bear the burden till she has cast it off on to the shoulders of those who were really guilty of the murder. For a time she remains at the mill; Firm falls in love with her, but her heart has no room for love, she does not know what it is; and when by a stroke of good fortune she discovers an enormous nugget of gold which enables the Sawyer to rebuild his mill after it had been washed away by a waterspout, she proceeds to England, under the care of a Major Hockin and his wife, the Major being a cousin of Gundry's, who has just succeeded to an estate at Bruntsea. Having arrived in England, she finds out her old nurse, now married to a German named Strouss, who is delighted to see her, and from whom she hears the whole tale of her father's misfortunes.

Lord Castlewood had had two sons. The eldest, George, had married against his wish, and was left to get on as well as he could at Shoxford. This, with a wife and six children to keep on little more than his captain's pay, was no easy matter. But things began to look a little brighter when Lord Castlewood relented so far as to visit his son and promise to do something for him. But that very night Lord Castlewood was shot on his way back to the inn where he had put up whilst crossing a narrow bridge. The body was brought to George Castlewood's house. As soon as he sees the corpse, the son exclaims:—"This is my doing! There is no one else to blame. If my father is dead, I have killed him!" This was pretty plain speaking; and when soon afterwards George Castlewood's pistol is found near the spot where his father was killed, it is not surprising that he should have been arrested and committed for trial. His guilt is made more probable by his breaking prison and escaping to his home, where he finds all his six children dead and buried, and his wife only just over her confinement of Erema. Bidding her farewell, he disappears; and on the Saturday night she dies also, and is buried with her children.

This was rather a dark matter to unravel; and Erema is met by all sorts of difficulties, not the least of which

is the opposition of all her father's friends, who believe in his innocence, but cannot resist the weight of evidence, and try to persuade her to abandon her object, and let bygones be bygones. But this Erema refuses to do. She first suspects her uncle, George Castlewood's younger brother, but she has to abandon this suspicion. The more she inquires into the case, the more intricate it becomes. The reader first suspects Mrs. Price, her uncle's housekeeper, of being at any rate the custodian of the secret. But neither she nor any of the prominent characters of the novel are the real culprits. The murderer is an illegitimate son of Lord Castlewood's, and only appears like a shadow once or twice in the course of the story, till he descends, like a *deus ex machinâ*, to unravel the mystery, and is drowned during a storm at Bruntsea, with his mother, the victim of the wicked old lord.

Such is the general plan of the story. The objection to the plot is that it offers no scope for the psychological development of those who are in reality the chief characters—that is to say, Lord Castlewood, George Castlewood, and the murderer. It is their actions which furnish the mystery, and it is their conduct which ought to solve it. None of the acting characters afford the least clue to the secret. It is easy to construct the most unfathomable plot if the chief factors are not brought before the reader, and if none of the *dramatis personæ* have any or but the slightest connexion with the tragedy that furnishes the groundwork of the play. How disappointing this is when Mr. Blackmore might have done so much better, need scarcely be said. Nor does the minute chronicling style, with its quaintness of detail which was so attractive in Lorna Doone's lover, at all gain when it is adopted by a woman. The harsh, matter-of-fact views of the wrestler do not suit a woman whose whole being is centred in the desire to clear her father's memory, nor does the transformation of the sturdy Cornishman into the free-born American citizen appear at all natural. As a collection of *genre* pictures carefully painted with the most minute details and loosely hinging on an extraneous plot, 'Erema' may be considered a success; but as a development of character or even incident it must be pronounced a failure, in no way mitigated by Erema's ultimate marriage with Firm Gundry, which comes in at the very end like an accessory *deus ex machinâ* without any further ostensible reason than that a three-volume novel ought to contain at least one wedding.

MINOR NOTICES.

Foreign Classics for English Readers. Voltaire. By Colonel Hamley. (William Blackwood and Sons.)—There are two obvious courses open to anyone about to write a book on Voltaire that shall not greatly exceed the limits of an average Quarterly article. Either the writer may suppose himself to be addressing an audience tolerably familiar with his subject, in which case his work will be solely critical, or he may be in the position of an instructor of the ignorant, and his work must consequently be more narrative, more descriptive, less loftily critical, more simply explanatory. The first case demands some new treatment, some fresh point of view or novel theory to sanction its existence; the other is essentially going over old ground, and need not fear to repeat much that seems trite and familiar. Were Colonel Hamley to write an article on Voltaire for the *Nineteenth Century* or the *Edinburgh Review*, he would be obliged to adopt the first course, but the scheme of the series of 'Foreign Classics for English Readers' obviously demands the other treatment, and it seems to us that Colonel Hamley has confused the two tasks, and accomplished neither. Colonel Hamley is a very clever writer, but we do not think he has presented a very good study of Voltaire to the uninitiated, while the attempt has naturally injured the interest of the book as a critical essay. Colonel Hamley would have done far better if he had been able to write without being trammelled by having to instruct; and his peculiar views, so little qualified to bring about this result, would have met with the attention they deserved. The life is on the whole good, though he is a little inclined to assume too much; thus he assumes that Voltaire made love to Ninon de Lenclos, and assumes also that Voltaire confided his love for the Maréchale de Villars to her husband the Marshal. In his criticism Colonel Hamley seems also inclined to be original—or odd, and it is this which renders it the less fit for its intended purpose. Thus he puts too high a value upon the 'Henriade.' Nothing that is written by a man of genius can ever be absolutely bad; certainly the 'Henriade' is not, but Colonel Hamley runs too much into the opposite extreme of over-laudation. We should certainly never include, as he does, the 'Henriade' among "the great epics of the world," which "may be counted on the fingers." A very fair case could be made out for Ronsard's forgotten 'Franciad' on this principle, and Du Bellay's classification of Ronsard with the Greek poets, with Horace and with Petrarch, is not more surprising than Frederick the Great's estimation of the 'Henriade.' "If," says the illustrious critic, "he imitates in some passages Homer and Virgil, it is, however, always an imitation which has in it something original, and in which one sees that the judgment of the French poet is infinitely superior to that of the Greek. Compare Ulysses' descent into hell with that of the seventh canto of the 'Henriade,' and you will see that the latter is enriched with an infinity of beauties which M. de Voltaire owes only to himself." On this Colonel Hamley remarks, "without going the whole length of this comparison, we may admit that it is not altogether devoid of justice." That the 'Henriade' has merit is, of course, admitted, though, as a rule, people are more willing to abuse than to read it, but it can hardly be considered one of the great epics of the world, and it is certainly not the epic of France so long as the "Chanson de Roland" is in existence. Colonel Hamley gives some spirited translations from the poem, but too much space is devoted to it, to the exclusion of matter more deserving, more markedly Voltairian, as for example the 'Romans' and the 'Philosophical Dictionary.' The account of "Candide" is by no means satisfactory. The reader is left under the impression that Pangloss is hanged, and no idea whatever is given of the witty and characteristic conclusion of the story. Still, though the volume has defects, it has much that calls for praise. It is well written, and the various translations are well executed, but it will be interesting rather as the criticism of a cultivated writer, to those acquainted with Voltaire, than valuable as a guide and instructor to those who are not.

A Miss in her Teens. Translated from the German of Caroline Helm. By Rhoda E. Colborne. (J. W. Kolckmann.)—This is a very clever translation of a sprightly German story for girls, from which one may learn a good deal with regard to the domestic life in German villages, some of which says little for the personal cleanliness of the middle classes. The heroine, a "bread-and-butter miss," comes from her native village to Berlin to stay with her aunt, and much of the story is occupied with the narrative of her greatly-wanted education. On her first arrival she not a little horrifies both her aunt and her readers by her objections to washing her face, her teeth, or her finger nails. She, however, improves with time, and the story ends, like most such stories, in the happy marriage of the heroine. The story is not unlike a German version of some of Miss Louisa M. Alcott's delightful stories, and it will be sure to amuse and interest its readers. If girls in German villages really are in the habit of considering a little water, just sufficient to wet their hands, and the drawing of a damp towel two or three times across their face and neck, amply sufficient for their ablutionary requirements, we think that a philanthropist could not do better than to cause a gratis distribution of a German version of Erasmus Wilson's famous book on the skin, to be made all over the German Empire. The 'Miss in her Teens' is exceedingly well got-up and printed, in the shape and after the fashion so dear to lovers of the Tauchnitz Editions.

MUSIC.

A NEW SYMPHONY BY SCHUBERT.

Schubert's Symphony in B flat (No. 2), the first performance of which, at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, we have to record, can hardly be called an important addition to the literature of that form of art. But it is by no means without value for that reason. Schubert takes an exceptional position amongst the great composers of our age. Most of these had to struggle with obtuseness and prejudice at the outset of their career. But in due course recognition was in store for them, or at least for their memory immediately after death. But with Schubert this was different. A genuine success, such at least as was at all adequate to his genius, he never had during his life. His songs acquired a certain amount of popularity; but publishers fought shy of his chamber music, and few of his orchestral works obtained a hearing, fewer a hearty welcome. At his death, his numerous MS. scores had the value of about the same quantity of waste paper. Fortunately, his surviving brother preserved most of them; and in the safe though dusty confinement of his cupboard, these great works awaited their revival for many years, till Schumann's visit to Vienna, in 1838, brought about a change. Returning from a pilgrimage to the graves of Beethoven and Schubert, he called on the latter's brother, who lived in humble lodgings in a suburb of Vienna. "He knew me," Schumann writes, "from my admiration for his brother, which I had expressed in public, and told and showed me many things. At last he let me look at the treasures of Franz Schubert's compositions, which he still possesses. The wealth that lay heaped up before me made me shudder with joy; what to take first, where to cease? Amongst other things he showed me the scores of several symphonies, of which several had never been heard, while others had been tried but put back again on the ground of their being difficult and bombastic." One of these symphonies, that in C major, the last in order of composition, and the grandest in conception, Schumann sent to Leipsic, where, in the following year, it was performed under Mendelssohn's direction. But more still remained behind—for instance, the MSS. of eight other more or less finished symphonies; and four of these at least (the present work amongst the number), would probably still be lying in "the dust and darkness of the cupboard, but for the visit of two Englishmen to Vienna in the autumn of 1867." The names of these two Englishmen, modestly suppressed by Mr. Grove, and their merits in rescuing these works from oblivion, are known to most lovers of true art.

Returning to the Symphony in B flat, it may, in the first instance, be considered a valuable source for the study of its composer's early development, of which for the reasons assigned very little is known. The work was written by Schubert at the age of seventeen, and we are, therefore, not entitled to expect a distinct original type of creativeness. The models after which he worked were those which a serious-minded composer of that time could not but choose—Haydn, Mozart, and the early Beethoven. The first-named composer has evidently inspired the Minuet, which might be copied from one of his symphonies. The theme of the slow movement, on the other hand, is an unmistakable reminiscence of Don Ottavio's air, "Il mio tesoro," in *Don Giovanni*, and the ensuing variations also are conceived in the spirit and written in the style of Mozart. A sweetly melodious coda finishes the movement. The Finale opens with a presto vivace, and rapidly progresses to a second group of themes, which give rise to some interesting modulation. Beethoven's vein is evidently in the ascendant; but when the final climax of development is reached, the strength of the youthful composer collapses, and the movement comes to a somewhat tame close. Most original workmanship is perhaps to be found in the first movement of the Symphony. Here we have, intermingled with rapid staccato passages, lovely bits of melody of true Schubertian type, and here also we meet with a taste of that "heavenly length" which Schumann euphemistically attributes to his favourite composer. Taken as a whole, the Symphony is not a remarkable work absolutely speaking, but as a specimen of Schubert's apprenticeship it was well worth producing. The performance at the Crystal Palace was masterly, a remark which equally applies to the rendering of Sterndale Bennett's lovely overture to "Parisina" which opened the concert.

Of a second novelty performed on the same occasion we wish to speak with much reserve. The name of M. St. Saëns is known to the musical world as that of a serious artist, and a composer of no mean accomplishment. But we must confess that the impression of his new symphonic poem, after a first hearing, is anything but favourable. A "symphonic poem," the reader is aware, means a piece of music with a purpose or "program," to use the technical term. This purpose the composer has prefixed to the score of his "Jeunesse d'Hercule" in a few explanatory lines, which it is but fair to him to quote. "La fable raconte qu'à son entrée dans la vie Hercule vit s'ouvrir devant lui deux routes: celle du plaisir et celle de la vertu. Insensible aux séductions des Sylphes et des Bacchantes, le héros s'engage dans la voie des luttes et des combats, au bout de laquelle il entrevoit, à travers les flammes du bûcher, la récompense de l'immortalité." We confess that a musical illustration of the Path of Virtue is beyond our comprehension, although we fancy we can hear her call in a stern phrase assigned to the double basses. On the other hand, there is no mistake about the sylphs and bacchantes, whose revelries are described through twenty long pages of the score with all the pomp and circumstance characteristic of such emergencies. The scene is evidently inspired by the "Venusberg" in *Tannhauser*, but M. St. Saëns lacks the wonderful power over the orchestra which in Wagner's music imparts a charm to the weirdest strains. His instrumentation is often crude, and the melodious materials are not such as to make one forget the want of euphony. After some time the turmoil is interrupted by a kind of instrumental recitative, which, according to Mr. Manns' analysis, seems to say: "I, Hercules, the son of Jove, will not join the riotous train of Bacchus." This resolve is undoubtedly most laudable, and the composer proceeds to reward the hero by the glimpse of immortality through the burning pyre already referred to. But here again his strains seem noisy rather than heroic. Perhaps, however, the reader may think that the amount of virtue necessary to resist M. St. Saën's inharmonious sylphs is more than sufficiently rewarded even by such an apotheosis. It has evidently been the composer's ambition to tread in the footsteps of Liszt, whose "Tarso" more especially seems to have been his model. But, as yet, we can see in his composition little more than a useful warning to young composers of the dangers which the abandonment of established form threatens to all but men of the highest genius.

We can only briefly refer to the performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto, by Señor Sarasate, the celebrated Spanish violinist. As to the merits of this artist we must defer our final judgment. He is undoubtedly a remarkable virtuoso, and in rapid passages his *technique* is absolutely marvellous. But his tone seems wanting in richness, and in the performance of Mendelssohn's great work we missed classical dignity. The excessive use of the portamento and the tremolo appeared especially objectionable. Mlle. Redeker deserves favourable notice for her expressive rendering of Recitative and Prayer from Herr Bruch's Cantata "Odysseus," a well-sustained piece of declamatory music. The lady also gave songs by Schubert and Mendelssohn, these being accompanied with more than usual taste and refinement by Miss Carmichall, a young pianist who made her *début* on this occasion.

Hippolyte Briollet, a well-known Parisian journalist, has just died at Saint-Mandé. He was editor of *Tintamarre*, and enlivened a number of other comic journals by his bright and humorous contributions.

VARIORUM NOTES.

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The anecdotes regarding the censorship of the Press in Russia, of which we recently gave some examples, have just had the crown placed on them in Moscow. Here the *Teatrailnaia Gazeta* was held to have committed some offence, and an officer of the Press Bureau sent to the office of the paper. No one was present but the publisher, who was at once sternly summoned to fetch the editor. The publisher left the room, and returned in a minute or two with a large pair of scissors, saying "Here, Sir, is the editor." The officer was rather disconcerted, but soon recovered himself, and exclaimed more sternly than ever, "No nonsense! fetch me the sub-editor." Again the publisher departed, and again returned, this time with a pot of paste and a brush. "These, Sir," he said "are the sub-editors!" In consequence, all four delinquents were arrested, and publisher, editor, and the two sub-editors, marched off to the police-station to answer for their conduct.

With a little more practice, the Press Bureau in France will soon be able to cast the Russian censorship quite into the shade. An electioneering pamphlet was recently sent to the *Progrès* of the Côte d'Or, the title-page of which was adorned with a picture of Marshal MacMahon on horseback. The *Progrès* took no further notice of the work than saying, "Le cheval a l'œil intelligent." For this phrase the editor was mulcted in the sum of 500 francs, it being "self-evident that the praise of his horse was an insult to the Marshal."

The great Whistler-Ruskin libel case has been fitted by report with a very peaceful, almost pastoral, conclusion. It seems, according to the story, that the great art critic and the great painter happened to be in Venice at the same time a few weeks ago, that they were brought together, and that, over a friendly cup of tea, they quietly discussed the *casus belli*, and quietly agreed to let the matter drop. Whether they parted in frigid politeness or swearing eternal friendship, history narrateth not; but if the tale be true, at least the world is spared the painful amusement of seeing two men of genius wrangle like fish-wives in public.

The London Correspondent of the *Augsburger Allgemeine* waxes very satirical over Mr. Gladstone's last woodcutting exploit at Shire Oaks Hall. A monarch of the forest had been selected for Mr. Gladstone to exercise his craft upon, but scarcely had he arrived on the spot with the usual *mise-en-scène*, when the monarch, having been preparatorily too far sawn through, was toppled over by a sudden gust of wind. Does woodcraft allow of this sort of thing? A post-card will oblige—or perhaps will not oblige—this second Polonius to come out of his *Allgemeine* concealment.

Constantine Nikolaievitch, the son-in-law of Prince Karageorgevitch, who some years ago filled the post of Servian agent in Constantinople, committed suicide last Sunday by shooting himself with a revolver. He died on Tuesday.

One of the most contemptible tricks resorted to by the French Government in the late elections was that of hindering the convalescents of the Paris hospitals from taking their usual "leave" on Sunday, the day of the elections. It is a rule that on this day they are allowed to go out, subject to the approval of the medical officer and the governor. On the 14th inst. all the permits were cancelled by the governors.

One half the world never knows how celebrated the other half is until it turns to a biographical history, and discovers it is but "padding" in the great magazine of life. That is the conviction forced upon the mind by a perusal of the last volume of C. von Würzbach's 'Biographical Dictionary of the Austrian Empire.' It is the seventh volume dealing with the letter *S* alone, and, although numbering more than 350 pages, only reaches from *Seidl* to *Sina*. There are thus, from *Sk* to *Sz*, still eleven S-groups to be treated. In the present volume, however, there are some names of whose owners the literary and musical activity seems scarcely less portentous. There is Ignatius Ritter von Seyfried, who composed 26 grand operas, 20 operettas, 5 oratorios, 24 melodramas, 13 masses, 4 requiems, 17 graduali, 18 offertories, more than 200 separate pieces, "and much more concert and church music besides." The chronological list of his works fills up fourteen volumes of the dictionary. He was born in 1776, and died in 1841. But though almost forgotten, his music is original, pleasing, and contains many important passages. Amongst the authors figures poor Itzig Zeitteles (1815–1857), who, under the name of Julius Seidlitz and a dozen other pseudonyms, wrote over 100 novels. Amongst the eccentricities we find the bold hussar, Simonyi von Vitévár, who, in 1815, insisted on smoking his pipe on Napoleon's throne at Fontainebleau. No slight amount of self-estimation seems to have characterised Franz Wilhelm Sieber (1789–1844), a mad-cap tourist, who considered himself the legitimate descendant and heir of Willenstein, and, rather appropriately, wrote a great number of farces, the funniest he ever conceived being probably his demand from a publisher of 3,000 ducats for one of his dramas. The work he was proudest of was the 'Song of the Sword,' an imitation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' in which almost every science and art were elaborately described. On the whole, it would perhaps have been better had he followed the example of Father Ambrose Simon, who has also found a niche amongst the immortals of the 'Biographical Dictionary.' He was the last hermit in Austria, and died in 1869, in his cavern at Hopfgarten, in the Valley of Brixen.

Dr. Hyde Clarke's proposition about the Massinger tercentenary at Salisbury, and his idea of establishing an annual representation of some one of Massinger's plays, is a very good one. There could not be a better spot for any celebration than Salisbury, one of our most beautiful cathedral towns; but it is doubtful whether the genius of the time is much in favour of such celebrations. It would be better to leave the thing alone altogether than to start a series of annual Massinger representations, and then find them fall through for want of supporters.

Paul Lindau, formerly the editor of *Das Neue Blatt* and the present editor of *Nord und Süd* and *Die Gegenwart*, has nearly completed a new comedy, *Johannistriebe*, which will be shortly produced at Dessau. Paul Lindau, who has rapidly advanced to the first rank of *littérateurs*, is one of three brothers, all highly talented, two of whom are in the Prussian diplomatic service. Before the Franco-German War the attention of Prince Bismarck was directed to a series of articles in the *Cologne Gazette* which so pleased him that he telegraphed for the author's name. It was Richard Lindau, to whom by the next post came a letter from the Prince offering to open a career for him in the Prussian service. He was in consequence appointed to the Prussian embassy in Paris; and soon afterwards his brother, Rudolf, to the consulship at Marseilles, whence he was for a time transferred to Bayonne to watch the progress of the Carlist movement. The world will probably hear more of the two diplomatists, unless, indeed, more pleasant pursuits than diplomacy distract their impressionable minds.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of 'Poems and Ballads,' which was somewhat prematurely announced some time ago, is now nearly ready, and will shortly be published. It is said that Marlowe and François Villon are both to figure prominently in the volume; and some portion of the book will be set aside for translations. Any translations from François Villon by Mr. Swinburne will prove valuable additions to the literature of translation. Mr. D. G. Rossetti has already translated admirably certain of Villon's poems, but his otherwise perfect version of the "Ballade des Dames du Temps jadis" errs in not preserving the rhyme-order of the original, so peculiar and important a feature of the *ballade*.

The *Rivista Europea*, one of the latest comers among foreign magazines, is holding its own well, and seems in a very promising condition. It contains more original articles and less translations than at first, which is an improvement, and its various critical departments seem very well conducted. It is severe this month, but hardly too severe, upon Victor Hugo's 'Histoire d'un Crime,' which it characterises as containing the usual merits and the usual defects of his work, the latter pre-

dominating over the former. It agrees with us in considering its appearance just now as inopportune, and wishes that he would devote his remaining talents to the production of another masterpiece like 'Notre Dame,' or the 'Misérables.' The *Rivista* gives, this month, another translation from Grenville Murray's brilliant 'French Pictures in English Chalk,' one of which appeared a few weeks back.

August Brentano, the well-known news dealer in Union Square, New York, has retired from the business, which, however, will still be carried on under the old name, by his three nephews. Brentano's was a cherished name in New York, especially to the English residents, for here could always be obtained the English weekly papers, *Punch*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, &c.; here, too, were to be obtained the newest English and continental books, and, above all, the treasured Tauchnitz editions. Shops like Brentano's are much more familiar now in New York than they were when his name first appeared over a shop up Broadway, but even of late years, since he took up his quarters in Union Square, it was his shop that was most frequented by those who wished to keep up connexion with the Old World. Other book-shops there might be, but Brentano's was an institution.

In spite of the opposition of Addison, Italian opera became an institution on English soil, and now, in spite of the later eloquent protest of Dr. Ezechiel Peasemeal, in his 'Conspectus of England,' we are to have an opera in November. "Good heavens!" exclaims that distinguished member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Buncombe, "from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road men have travelled;" and he bids his readers "go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what things men now sing." The distinguished American, if he hears of this new winter opera, must console himself as best he may with the axiom of his friend and introducer to the British public—"argue not with the inevitable."

In the season at Munich, from August, 1876, to August, 1877, 139 operatic performances were given, in which Wagner heads the list with twenty-four nights, double that of the next composer to him; and the same occurs in Berlin, where Wagner had thirty-seven nights. Similar results in other great German towns serve to show that Wagner's popularity is certainly not declining in Germany.

MM. Calmann-Levy have just published an edition of the complete poetical works of Gérard de Nerval. Gérard de Nerval has not left a very abiding mark upon modern French literature, but there was a time when he was one of the leading spirits of the romantic movement, and his translation of "Faust" had the honour of praise from Goethe himself, who is said to have declared that he was never so well understood as in this version. *Le bon Gérard*, as he was called in the little *cénacle* of romanticists, was one of the foremost of the *aides de camp* of Victor Hugo in the stormy days and nights attendant upon the production of *Hernani*, and he was especially remarkable among his fantastic companions of Jeune France, with their theatrical get-up, for the exceeding quiet of his dress. It is more than twenty years ago now since poor Gérard de Nerval was found hanging in the Rue de la Veille Lanterne, and Gérard's fame has passed away with the memory of his curious unquiet life and his melancholy death, but it is singularly interesting to read these poems, these first flowers of romanticism, which show that he might have done better things perhaps—might have left behind something more enduring than a volume of Eastern travel, a few tales, a few translations, some political poems, and some delicate lyrics, where, as Gautier said, Ronsard is joined with Uhland.

One of the famous Davenport Brothers is dead. The mention of this fact will readily recall the memories of a season of sensation in London some dozen years ago, of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Fay and the famous structure, the bell, the guitar, the ropes, and the dark séances. All London society went wild for the time over these comets of a season, and the controversy which they excited overflowed into journals, and even into pulpits. The two youths themselves—they were youths at that time—seemed stolid, not to say loutish, young men, and by no means the sort of beings likely to hold converse with the spirit world. Their performances were frustrated in Liverpool by the ingenious application of a complicated ligature known as the tom-fool's knot, which effectually prevented the working of the spirit force, and caused the whole sensation to evaporate in ridicule.

A modern Greek drama, by Bassilides, will be produced towards the end of the year in Paris and Pesth. The Hungarian version has been made by Benjamin Kállay. It is called *Galatéa*, and the subject is taken from the story of Pygmalion and a modern Greek ballad. The awakening of the statue has been carried through with rare psychological logic, and, with the modern elements combined, promises to make the piece one of the most artistic and attractive that have recently been put upon the stage.

By a curious misprint in Mr. Browning's new translation of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, the speech of the semi-chorus towards the conclusion of the drama, beginning, "*δαίμον, ὃς ἐμπίτνεις δώμασι καὶ διφυεῖσι Ταντταλίδαισιν,*" is given to Clytemnestra, who is thus favoured with three speeches running. The reader who becomes acquainted with the *Agamemnon* for the first time, through Mr. Browning's version, will be not a little puzzled to find Clytemnestra at the conclusion of the speech bidding the chorus not "on Helena turn thy wrath" suddenly start off again with—

> Daimon, who fallest
> Upon this Household and the double-raced
> Tantalidai.

There is some talk of enlarging the Hôtel des Invalides; also of reconstructing the Hôtel des Postes, which so insufficiently meets the demands of its immense traffic. This will no doubt lead to the improvement of some of the crowded streets round about the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

The other day a custom-house officer at one of the gates of Paris, in the full exercise of his powers, was curiously "sold." A pigeon-trainer arriving at the *barrière*, having in tow about a hundred feathered pupils, was asked for the usual duty by the officer at the gate. The trainer answered that there was nothing to pay. "Pay the duty, or leave the birds at the gate," was the officer's reply. The trainer, disregarding the alternative, quietly opened his cages and released the imprisoned pigeons. The birds, elated at regaining their liberty, soared high into the air and winged their way homeward, while the trainer coolly passed through the gate, leaving the officer stupefied with surprise. The incident has made some noise, and those learned in the law are putting their heads together to prove that the trainer is within the reach of prosecution.

The Austrian nobility are engaged in an occupation which the English aristocracy would do well to imitate, especially as it might tend to elevate the character of the stage. The wealthier members have fitted up stages at their castles, some of them, as at Castle Sebarn and at Prince Metternich's residence in Plass, furnished with all the best modern appliances, artistic decorations, and scenery that can be procured. Operas, operettas, dramas, and even pantomimes, are produced, much attention being paid to the excellence of the orchestra. Surely that is better than pigeon shooting, croquet, and the idiotic charades with which our aristocracy kill their own time and their guests with weariness.

The forthcoming number of the *Life Boat* contains an important article on the Wreck Register for 1875–76, accompanied by a valuable wreck chart, in which, after an enumeration of the various wrecks in that period, the number of lives saved by the gallant efforts of the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution and other means, is estimated at 4,358 lives. Many of our London shops contain little models of lifeboats made to receive some of the contributions upon which the fleet of 267 boats depend for existence, but they are too often empty. If the public would but reflect upon what they are symbols of, this should not be the case.

Mr. Edmund Ollier, the author of Cassell's 'History of the War between France and Germany' and 'History of the

United States,' is now engaged in writing a history of the Russo-Turkish War, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, in serial form, with illustrations. Mr. Ollier is a writer of a singularly graceful and picturesque style, and any book coming from his pen will be entirely above the level of ordinary book-making to order. His own sympathies are, we believe, with the Turkish cause, but he may be trusted to perform his historical labour with strict impartiality.

According to statistics issued by the London Ladies' Educational Association there was a decrease in the number of students attending lectures at University College last session as compared with the preceding session, but there was almost no diminution in the total of fees received, in consequence of many of the students availing themselves of a regular course of study, by attending a larger number of classes, while the numbers presenting themselves for examination showed a marked increase. The number of individual students in each of the successive years since 1871 were 277, 279, 315, 307, 394, 320.

The *Daily News* this week, in its observations on the ugliness of Mary Stuart as shown by the portraits, goes rather too far. It may be doubted whether any authentic portraits of Mary Stuart exist at all, but there are a great many assumed portraits, very few of which agree among themselves, so that the question of her appearance is rather difficult to decide to-day, while we have the testimony of her own time—in Brantome, for example—of her beauty. A very interesting portrait of "the most fair and the most cruel Princess in the world," is the property, very appropriately, of Mr. Swinburne, and another is owned by Mr. Stuart-Glennie.

A new piece has just been accepted by the Bouffes-Parisiens, in which Daubray and Paola Marié are to take the principal parts. It is an operetta, called *L'Etoile*, the scenes of which are laid in Turkey. The librettists, MM. Vanloo and Leterrier, have elected M. Chabrie to furnish the music.

Le Bossu is in rehearsal at the Porte Saint-Martin, with the following strong cast—MM. Deshayes, Vannoy, Lacressonière, Rosenbeau, Goble, and Fournier; and Mmes. Moreau, Lacressonière, Raynard, and Murray. The ballet is to be specially attractive, with Mme. Mariquita as the leading *danseuse*.

The Comédie Française will this winter bring out a five-act comedy by M. Emile Augier. Among those chosen for its interpreters are MM. Febre, Got, Coquelin, and Mmes. Reichemberg, Guyon, Provost-Ponsin, and Croizette. Meantime *Hernani* will be reproduced in November, with Mounet-Sully as Hernani, and Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt as Dona-Sol.

Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini are negotiating for a six nights' engagement at the Berlin Opera. They demand, however, no less than 10,000 francs a night (400*l.*), a sum the Berlin manager does not feel inclined to pay. A counter proposal has been made on the basis of half the takings; but this has been met by proposals regarding the prices to be charged which makes the success of the negotiations doubtful.

The Venetian Deputation for Historical Studies has published the programme for a complete edition of Marino Sanudo's diaries. The first series will contain twelve volumes in large 4to, with double columns, and printed on fine paper, and treat of the events from January 1, 1496, to September 30, 1511. It will be published in monthly parts at five francs, each part containing ninety-six pages.

Mr. Farjeon, the popular novelist, has gone to the United States to give a series of lectures, and partly to visit the Southern estates of his father-in-law, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who accompanies him.

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The Agamemnon of Æschylus. Translated by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A. (Crown 8vo, pp. 98.) H. S. King and Co.

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